POEMS
BY
A PIONEER

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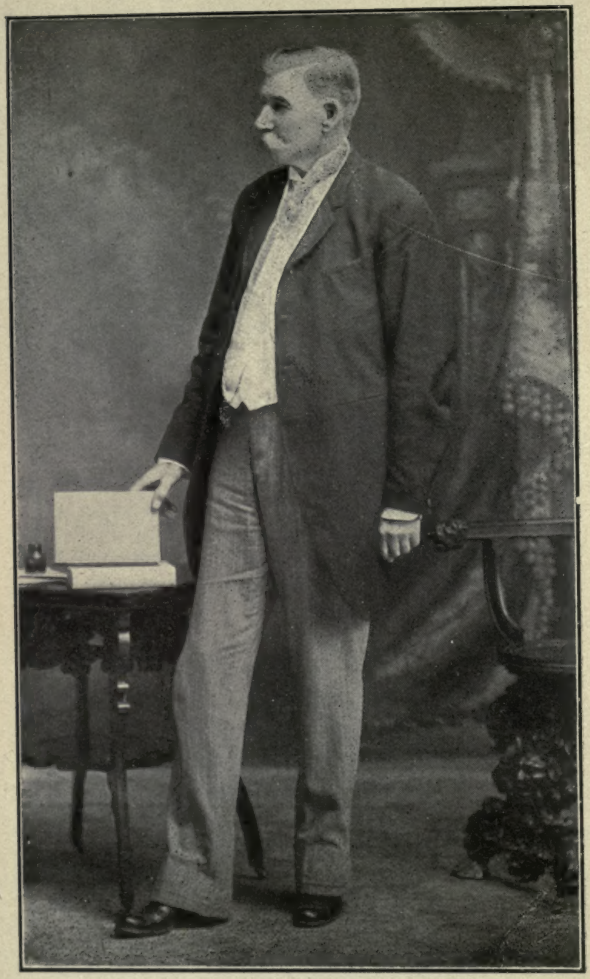
WILLIAM JOHNSTON



WILLIAM JOHNSTON

CANADIAN MELODIES

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

WILLIAM JOHNSTON

ST. MARYS

Author of "Pioneers of Blanshard," "History of Perth County."

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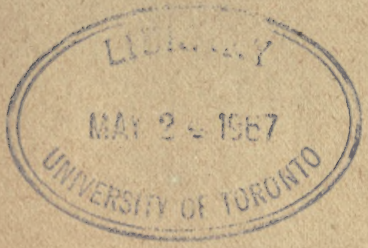

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St. Marys, Ontario.

CANADIAN MELODIES.

	PAGE
To Canada	16
Canadian Woods	19
Song of the Emigrant Leaving for Canada	20
Canadians Forever	21
Lead Onward to the Light	23
That's Good Enough for Canada	24
Canadian Vales for Me	26
Canadian Immigrants Song	27
Lift up the Old Flag	28
Canadians, Every One	30
Hymn for the Weary	32
Come Ye Despairing	33
Hymn on the Near Prospect of Death	34
The Merry Sleigh Bells	35
To a Dark Eyed Maiden	37
Canadians are the Boys	39
A Serenade	41

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

	PAGE
The Old Pioneer	47
Mystery	52
To Mary	56
To My Life	58
Be Kind to Thy Brother	61
To a Star	63
Uncle Wull	65
My Native Land	66
To My Mother	68
A Summer Morning	71
Love's Enigma	73
Pleasures of the Poor	74
Lament	78
Victorious Curlers	82
I Would Live Alway	84
I Would Not Live Alway	85
Thou Dear Wee Wife O' Mine	87
The Whip-Poor-Will	89
Scottish Emigrant's Farewell	91
Forget Not Yet	93
The Flowery Banks of Bonnie Ayr	95
Sleeping Versus Eating	97

PAGE

Because I am Poor..... 100
Youth and Age..... 103
Antistrophe..... 104
Epode..... 105
Epistle to Frank Thompson, an old Friend in Ayrshire..... 106
Installation Ode S. O. S..... 115
Old Ballad..... 116
Ye Ballad of Ye Olden Time..... 118
Old Bachelors..... 122
Glide on White Sails..... 124
My Bonny Wee Wife and I..... 126
Capting Doolan..... 127
My Wiffie..... 130
A Winter Night..... 132
The Jewel Independence..... 133
Gloomy December..... 134
Lines at the Grave of an Old Friend.. 136
Dreamland Reflections..... 136
Him That's Awa'..... 140
The Curse of Jehovah..... 143
To thr Awful Good..... 146
Auld Scotland's Distress..... 148
A Man's Freens..... 152
The Steady Subscriber That Pays in Advance..... 154
Highland Mary Camp S. O. S..... 156

PAGE

Mary O'Day 160
A Noted Euchre Player 161
A Fragment..... 162
St. Marys' Lasses..... 163
Bannockburn..... 164
Grace After Meat 170
On Wee Willie 170
Song of the Pioneers..... 171
The Author's Prayer 173
On a Gossiping Woman..... 173
Thomas of Ercildoune 174
The Mohawk Chief 186
Death Song of the Mohawk..... 192
To My Wife 195
Maple Johnny..... 196
Flag of Our Country..... 197
The Old Country Store 200
Epitaphs on a Crank in St. Marys 203
Adam and Eve..... 204

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of the Author.....frontispiece
Author's Home in His Pioneer Days ... 46

INTRODUCTION.

It is frequently said that the present is not a poetic age. Those who claim to understand these matters, tell us that only two aspects of human life are favorable to poetic effort. First, romance; second, war. We are told that in the old land romance has passed away. In Canada it never existed. We are so engrossed with our economic concerns in this country there is no time to devote to the muse. The discovery of a new lode in North Ontario will create a much greater furore in this country than if a modern Shakespeare or Burns were suddenly to appear on the scene. We live in a utilitarian age. What is not practical and useful from an economic point of view is worthless in a great degree. Without analyzing these propositions, I beg to submit

my dissent. The very essence of romance is love. Without the basic principle of love there can be no romance. Without the basic principle of love we can have no poetry. This being so, as love has always existed, love always will exist. It is of divine origin and is eternal. Love then being the true principle pervading all song, this and every succeeding age will bring with them the theme and pervading spirit of true poetry.

Unworthy as I am to enter into the arena where such transcendent powers have been displayed in years that have passed, I trust that something may be found in this, my humble offering, that may place it above that class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. I believe every person in this world has a mission. I believe if we discharge those responsibilities laid upon us, in sincerity and truthfulness, no matter how humble our sphere may be, we cannot altogether fail.

He does not fail who honestly
Has done the very best he could.

The modest little fire fly that flits around us on a summer's evening, the glow worm that creeps to its mossy bed in the swamp,

the brilliant constellations that glorify the midnight sky, the sun that illumines and gives life in this earth's remotest bounds, are all doing heaven's work, each in its own sphere. All are of divine origin and the design of creative power. If my position be like that of the humble glow worm let it be so. I still may be able to light the path

> Of some poor traveller with his load,
> Though tired and toiling far behind.

The idea of Canadian melodies has been suggested to me by an ever present desire on my part to adapt a Canadian subject to a popular air. To make this more effective several of these pieces are written in the ordinary language, common to youthful Canadians. So far in this country our literature has but little in it to attract young minds. In one of those social usuages peculiar to all civilized nations we are accused of being singularly undemonstrative. I refer to loyalty. This aspect of our character has been pressed home to us so persistently as to lead some to believe that whatever virtues Canadians may possess, loyalty is apparently not one of them. Canada's national songs so far are not impressive. As might be expected, they have not manifested themselves in those national outbursts of feeling for our country's glory,

which have effected the destines of European nations. What I have written so far in this book I sincerely hope may attract the attention of abler and greater men than myself, who from their own fulness, will give this country a national song worthy of Canadians.

I desire to impress on those who may honor me with a perusal, the destiny which seems to me is in store for our country. Our geographical position, climatic conditions, fertility of soil, with its underlying mineral wealth, mark this land distinctly as to be one day amongst the greatest this earth has ever seen. I have unbounded faith in the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races, in their adaptability to conditions, in their susceptibility to the highest polish in their natural robust thought, honesty of purpose, high ideas of justice, and their unyielding faith in sacred things. The desire for equality in all men is a noble characteristic of our country. It is a fraternalism approached by no other, leading on to the brotherhood of man and the higher sonship of God.

If, therefore, any thought in this book affords a moment's pleasure to any reader, if it will lead up to a greater and nobler conception of man and his duty by those into whose hands it may come, whether I am conscious of such or not, then my life will have been of use and my mission here will

be filled. For my adopted country, now I pray in the words of J. C. Holland:

God give us men, a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor and who will not lie;
Men who stand before a demagogue,
And scorn his treacherous flatterers without winking.
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

St. Marys, 1909.

CANADIAN MELODIES

TO CANADA.

Canada, this is destiny,
The pith of power springs in the North.
Though eye of mine may never see
The light that shall be born of thee,
Will like a star illume the earth.

My country I would set thy feet
On greater heights than man ere trod,
Beyond where waves of error beat,
Where men and angels yet shall meet
In everlasting brotherhood.

But I am weak, and when I sought
To forge great things; have fruitless striven,
I have not skill like those who wrought
With strange device such matchless thought,
Revealings by the light from heaven.

But what of that, truth makes abode
In strange by-places with mankind;
I still may help along the road
Some weary traveller with his load,
Though tired and toiling far behind.

The coward act, the gloried shame,
My Country these are not of thee;
For thou can boast ancestral fame
No land on earth could ever claim,
By freemen won on land and sea.

Give honest worth thy helping hand,
And truth shall guide thee to the light,
Which having seen, then every land
Admonish, as thou will command,
And fearless stand up for the right.

Though circumstance thy schemes retard,
Thy rising passion still restrain.
For honest effort finds reward,
The man and not the rank regard,
The cause of honor still maintain.

May honest men continuous rise,
To guide thy feet in wisdom's way.
Thy daughter's modest, pure and wise,

Be fit reward for great emprize,
In beauty growing day by day.

Unto the gentle Nazarene
Give first observance faith sublime,
Then though thy future be unseen,
A blessed hope still budding green,
A golden fruit will yield in time.

No sect or creed can make thee blest,
They are of men and soon must end.
Worship God; as behooves thee best
And when thou goest to thy rest,
Thy soul in peace shall homeward bend.

And know in all this world's round,
In cloud or sun, what ere befall,
That pleasures pure cannot be found,
Nor happiness above the ground
Unless affection seasons all.

The speech that wounds, the word that stings,
The Judas kiss, the false palaver,
Forbear; and spurn the cruel things,
The coward act, the craft that brings
To ruin thy confiding brother.

As time rolls on and all is well,
Bright, happy days shall come to all;
May peace within thy gates still dwell,
And love her diapasons swell,
That men shall pipe, as wrong shall fall.

CANADIAN WOODS.

Verses Nos. 2 and 3 may be Sung to the Air, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

Canadian woods in Autumn seen,
Like faded hopes that linger where
Love's promised joys, long budding green,
Are nipped by fate's untimely air;
The gentle winds with fragrant breath,
In wanton joy have kissed awhile;
Thy groves of maple fairer far
Than myrtle shades in Ceylon's Isle.

Thy spreading buds Canadian woods,
In Spring adorning every spray—
Droop gently now on withered stems,
For loveliness soon fades away.
Cold, wintry blasts keen from the North,
Will sweep across your fair domain;
Then one by one thy leaves will fall,
Like beaten rack will strew the plain.

Thy splendours Autumn woods farewell,
No vain regrets can now recall
The sacred past. Yet we like thee
May grow in beauty till we fall,
'Mid youthful joys in life's gay morn;
All thought of hoary age we spurn,
While shadows deepen, years creep on;
But ah! they never will return.

O soon will come Canadian woods,
Wild Winter tempests raving drear;
And through thy leafless boughs will chant,
Sad requiems to the dying year;
For nature inexorable shall stand,
Her works proclaim this truth to all,
Whatever is, all that she gives,
As time rolls on she will recall.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANT LEAVING FOR CANADA.

Music from the hymn, "Over There."

We will go to the land of the West,
To our kindred and friends we'll repair;
We'll follow their steps, we love them best,
And rejoice in their kind welcome there.
Welcome there, welcome there.
Canadians, we'll be over there!
We'll follow their steps, we love them best,
To the land of the West over there.

If hard times come on our native land,
There the summer-suns shine bright and fair;
And the North Star beams o'er mountains grand,
While the streams murmer peace to us there.
To us there, to us there.
Canadians to be over there;

We'll follow their steps, we love them best,
In the land of the West over there.

Loving hearts will part and tears will fall,
Long years will pass, bringing joy and care;
Life's autumn, too, will come to us all,
But old friends grow dearer everywhere.
Everywhere, everywhere.
Though Canadians we be over there,
The days gone by we will often recall,
Still to memory dear everywhere.

Fare thee well old home we loved so well,
Let us hope we'll have something to spare,
By and by to return, if all is well;
And rejoice with the friends who are there.
Who are there, who are there.
With the dear old friends who are there,
We'll dance and sing till the welkin ring,
With the friends of our youth who are there.

CANADIANS FOREVER.

Air: "The Maple Leaf."

Come and let us happy be—
Why should we trouble borrow;
Brave hearts and true, are ever free,
And never fear to-morrow;

For time shall bring us other cares,
And ties of friendship sever;
The present's ours, then let us sing,
Canadians, forever.

Chorus:—

We'll sing one song, till echoes long,
Resound from rock and river;
True British boys we will remain,
Canadians, forever.

This is our home to memory dear,
The fame of those who won it;
Who would not scorn the coward slave
That shame would bring upon it?
Away with care, sing on, sing on,
Of mountain, lake and river,
And give three British cheers again,
Canadians, forever.

Chorus:—

We'll sing one song, till echoes long,
Resound from rock and river;
True British boys we will remain,
Canadians, forever.

Let braggarts boast and fools combine,
Our life is what we make it;
The faith that wins is yours and mine,
We're not the lads to break it;
We fear not fate, though fortune frown,
We'll stand like men together,

And come what may, we still shall be
Canadians, forever.

Chorus:—
We'll sing one song, till echoes long,
Resound from rock and river;
And Britons all we will remain,
Canadians, forever.

LEAD ONWARD TO THE LIGHT.

Air: "Nearer My God to Thee," or "Robin Adair."

Lead onward to the light,
As years roll on;
My country for the right
Stand though alone.
North star of liberty,
Who would a traitor be;
The coward slave shall flee,
Ever from thee.

Come true hearts from home lands,
Friendships renew;
Canada with kind hands
Still welcomes you.
In one trust united be,
Hands still clasped across the sea,
Hearts one in harmony—
Beating for thee.

What though the wintry blast,
Sweep o'er the plains;
What though snow wreaths are cast,
Filling thy lanes.
Canada still shall be
My first, last, only plea:
Peace and prosperity
Remain with thee.

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR CANADA.

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."

Let us all get together, boys, and sing a good old song—
Keep straight up to the line, boys, for right cannot be wrong,
To honest efforts lend a hand and tot em right along,
Then hip, hurrah, for Canada.

Chorus:—
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, Canada for me,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, land of the free;
The flag that braved a thousand years,
still waves o'er you and me,
That's good enough for Canada.

Its no use in talking, boys, Canadians are the folk,

We are right up-to-date, lads, and chips of
the old block;
We don't go in for humbug, although we like
a joke—
That's what we're like in Canada.

Chorus:—
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, Canada for me,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, land of the free;
The flag that braved a thousand years,
still waves o'er you and me,
That's good enough for Canada.

We ain't a-hunting trouble, that's where we
draw the line,
Nor we hain't got no cowards to sneak around
and whine;
But we have got the goods, lads, to make
Britannia shine—
She's good enough for Canada.

Chorus:—
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, Canada for me,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, land of the free;
The flag that braved a thousand years,
still waves o'er you and me,
That's good enough for Canada.

Three cheers for the King, boys, make 'em
powerful strong,
And if he needs a hand, lads, we're with
him right along;

If Britannia press the button, the kids will
hear the gong—
We'll soon let 'em hear from Canada.

Chorus :—
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, Canada for me,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, land of the free;
The flag that braved a thousand years,
still waves o'er you and me,
That's good enough for Canada.

CANADIAN VALES FOR ME.

Air: "Scotland Yet."

Where Lindens in their beauty spread
Bend o'er the silvery wave,
And maples nod o'er fairer scenes
Than Orient waters lave;
Let every cheerful voice be song,
Thrill every heart with glee,
And sing our own Canadian hills—
Canadian vales for me;
Where wood larks pipe to the whip-poor-wills,
There happy homes shall be.

Let poets boast of other climes,
Across old Ocean's tide,
Where rose and thistle fond entwines
The shamrock by their side;
And while they sing their raptured strains

Our hearts shall thrill with glee,
To sing our own Canadian vales—
Canadian dales for me;
Where wood larks pipe to the whip-poor-wills,
Our happy homes shall be.

What though life's weary round we tread,
To catch kind fortune's smiles;
We can't forget our native glens
In yonder distant isles;
But we will sing our sweetest strains,
While echoes answer free:
Canadian hills, Canadian vales,
Canadian dales for me;
Where wood larks pipe to the whip-poor-wills,
Our happy homes shall be.

CANADIAN IMMIGRANT'S SONG.

Air: "My Old Kentucky Home."

If hard times come to our native land,
Here the sun shines bright and fair,
And the north star beams over mountains grand,
While the streams murmer peace to us there.
Fare thee well, fare thee well;
May joy be with you all,
Wherever we roam yet our native home
Still to memory dear. Good-bye.

Dear hearts must part and the tears will fall,
While the years bring us joy and care;
Life's autumn, too, will come to us all,
For old age grows apace everywhere.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
May joy be with you all;
Wherever we roam yet our native home
Still to memory dear. Good-bye.

Come weel, come woe, as the years speed on,
We hope we'll have something to spare;
By and by to return, if all things are well,
To rejoice with the friends over there.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
May joy be with you all;
Wherever we roam yet our native home
Still to memory dear. Good-bye.

LIFT UP THE OLD FLAG.

Lift up the Old Flag, blessed be the old flag,
The symbol of freedom, floating gallant and gay,
With heartfelt devotion from ocean to ocean,
We'll defend it like men, or fall in the fray.
Then forward and lead the van—
Canadians, every man.
Stand proudly to arms with thy face to the foe;
From forest and rolling plain,
With pride we will shout again:
Canadians forever, yi ho, boys, yi ho.

Hurrah for the Old Flag, Canadians remember!
'Tis the old Union Jack that waves in the breeze;
Lads of the Maple Land stand its defender,
And guard it with honor, on land and on seas.
We've no cowards to tremble
When Canadians assemble,
On the wild field of battle triumphant to go;
As gaily we march along
Every man join the happy song:
Canadians forever, yi ho, boys, yi ho.

That old British Flag, let us gather around it,
Moor its staff in the rock, give its folds to the sky;
It's the flag of our fathers, in glory we found it,
In glory we'll leave it or defending will die;
It's fame who won't cherish
Let his name ever perish,
To the depths of derision the vile coward shall go;
While we sing loud the happy strain,
Let the hills and rocks ring again:
Canadians forever, yi ho, boys, yi ho.

Ensign of Canada, long may it wave
Over Country and King, our faith and our laws;
As a shield to the weak and a hope to the brave.

When right is our watchword, and honor our
cause;
For freedom a thousand years
It has braved amid hopes and fears,
The arts of the traitor, and the wiles of the
foe;
Come lads, let us shout again,
As loyal and noble men:
Canadians forever, yi ho, boys, yi ho.

CANADIANS, EVERY ONE!

Just pace 'er right along boys
And wake 'em with a cheer;
We haint no time to spare boys,
A pottering in the rear;
Keep steady on the pikes, boys,
And show 'em how it's done;
For we're jolly fellows all boys—
Canadians, every one.

We ain't so much on brag, boys,
But we hew right to the line;
Our honest faith and worth boys
I guess don't want a shine.
We can tip an honest flipper, boys,
For every honest hand,
To stand right by a comrade, boys—
Canadians have the sand.

Tot out your bit o' buntin' boys,
And shew 'em where we're at;
We ain't no nickel squeezers, boys,
When they pass around the hat.
If yer needs a little help, boys,
Don't be afeerd to ax;
We'll go with yer all the way, boys,
And help yer o'er the tracks.

We'll give three rousing cheers, boys,
For Old John across the way;
Sure thing, and don't forget it boys,
We're right with him to stay.
Canadians ain't the stuff, boys,
To stand a-lookin' on,
When Old Daddy meets with trouble, boys,
We're Britons every one.

Then pace 'er right along, boys,
And wake 'em with a cheer;
We hain't no time to spare, boys,
A-potterin' in the rear.
Hold steady on the pikes, boys,
And show 'em how it's done;
For we're jolly fellows all, boys—
Canadians, every one.

HYMN FOR THE WEARY.

We're in the ranks and marching on
The river bank by the great divide;
The night is black, we are alone,
No one to lead, no hand to guide;
The clouds above our heads are dark,
No chart have we, nor compass set;
Reach out Thy hand, O Blessed Lord,
O save us yet, O save us yet.

Our limbs are weary, souls are faint, ,
Our burden more than we can bear:
No place to rest, no home to go,
No bosom that our griefs can share.
Deep waters seem to whelm us o'er,
Dark floods above our heads have met;
We perish now, Dear Blessed Lord,
O save us yet, O save us yet.

Wide pitfalls lie along our path,
Great thorns our bleeding feet have torn;
A desert waste on every side,
Meets tearful eyes and heart's forlorn.
Then save us, save us ere we sink,
For His name sake that paid our debt;
In mercy, mercy, Blessed Lord,
O save us yet, O save us yet.

COME YE DESPAIRING!

O come ye despairing waifs of the wilderness;
Why linger lamenting mid doubtings and fear ?
Poor, helpless and homeless, return he is waiting,
For the sun's going down and the night's drawing near.

Come all ye breaking hearts, bring every sorrow,
Tell thy anguish to Him who is Lord over all;
As the sky in its depths, so His love it is boundless,
While His mercy is full and sufficient for all.

Come ye that are thirsting, and kneel at the fountain,
One drop of its waters thy soul will restore;
To all it is free as the breath from the mountain,
Though thy lips may be parched, you will thirst never more.

Come ye who are fainting, He has furnished a table;
Hear the mighty redeemed, lift their voice in the strain.

Rejoice all ye nations, for ye are His people,
They who eat of this bread will not
hunger again.

Come ye who are weary, there is room in
His bosom;
Lay thy head on His breast, as a babe
takes it rest.
Sleep on for your eyes are grown heavy with
watching;
Ye are sheep of His flock, and He knows
what is best.

HYMN ON THE NEAR PROSPECT OF DEATH.

To glory now or back to earth again
Good Lord decide for me,
To life, to death, to joy or pain—
My God! What shall it be?
To share Thy bounty and Thy love
I fain would linger here;
While hopes of glory urge me on,
Faith bids me never fear.

Poor and unworthy as I am,
I'll trust what e'er befall;
Do with me as Thou deemest best—
Thy grace is meet for all.

Through death's dark valley take my hand,
I'll fearless go with Thee;
Where feet of angels never trod,
For thou will care for me.

Lord! hear me in thy dwelling place,
Thy mercy still bestow;
When I lay down life's weary load,
His glory I shall know;
His moans, His agony, His cries,
His bleeding heart was given,
That our immortal souls may dwell
With Him for aye in heaven.

THE MERRY SLEIGH BELLS.

Tune: "The Heather Hills."

Hurrah, hurrah, for the merry sleigh bells,
List the ringing and the tinging of their silvery swells,
And the tones of their voices our bosom thrills
And echoes the notes of the merry sleigh bells;
See the pale moon swing in the cloudless sky
And the laughing stars peep as we merrily fly,
As our gay young hearts in fitful spells
Beat in time to the tune of the merry sleigh bells.

Chorus:
Hurrah, hurrah, for the merry sleigh bells,
List the ringing and the tinging of their
silvery swells,
And the tones of their voices our bosom thrills
And echoes the notes of the merry sleigh bells.

Speed away, speed away, we're aglow with
delight,
We're free as the air, or a bird in its flight;
Up, up with the song, till its cadence swells
In accord with the music of the silver bells;
Away past the school in its peaceful hour,
Away past the church in its moonlit tower,
Away past the farm and its frozen rills,
We are happy as the chime of the merry
sleigh bells.

Chorus:
Hurrah, hurrah, for the merry sleigh bells,
List the ringing and the tinging of their
silvery swells,
And the tones of their voices our bosom thrills
And echoes the notes of the merry sleigh bells.

Then a ho, then a ho, now a caper and prance,
Up Jip, up Jim, o'er the smooth expanse,
And we sing as we fly through the snowy
vales
A merry ting ting to the jingling bells;
A merry ting ting with a ho, and a ho,
Away o'er the icy streams we go;

And a throb of delight our bosom swells
To the ring, ting ting of the merry sleigh bells.

Chorus:
Hurrah, hurrah for the merry sleigh bells,
List the ringing and the tinging of their silvery swells,
And the tones of their voices our bosom thrills
And echoes the notes of the merry sleigh bells.

TO A DARK EYED MAIDEN.

Last eve a St. Mary's maiden
With a love sick bosom laden,
I espied as she strayed in
Along the river track;
And thus her fate bemoaning,
These words she was intoning:
"My heart's been taken from me;
Will I never get it back?"

Disconsolate she was seeming,
Or like a naiad dreaming,
As the setting sun was gleaming
And the shadows o'er the stream
Were dark and softly falling,
When her silvery voice was calling
And sighing to the drooping shades,
That deeper yet did seem.

As sweetly she was singing,
And soft her notes were ringing,
While her mate came onward winging,
And stood close by her side;
As gently she was cooing,
So he soon fell to wooing;
But still the pretty singing bird,
His earnest suit denied.

So failing still to move her
He stepped away above her;
There in a leafy cover
He sang this roundelay:
To love is all the soul of life,
All else is vanity and strife;
Let us drink the cup together,
Which love presents to-day.

She replied, free, you found me,
But in love's toils you bound me,
When your arms you clasped around me
And my panting soul you drew
Forth through my parted lips,
As a bee the nectar sips
From the water lillies
By the river bank that grew.

So he said my pretty maiden,
With your love-sick bosom laden,
In the lonesome valley strayed in,
Along the river track;

You are my only treasure,
I love beyond all measure,
And the heart you truly gave me,
I will never give it back.

CANADIANS ARE THE BOYS.

Canadians are the boys
That never fear no noise,
And from all competition
They can soon "take the pole"—
We will drink each health in ale,
From dipper, pot and pail,
And to each man and mother's son
We'll quaff a flowing bowl.

The lads that's north the lakes,
They're the boys can "take the cakes"
Old Uncle Sammy's chicks,
We'll make them pay our toll—
With a slight "turn of the wrist,"
His old goatee we'd twist,
Till the eagle screamed and hissed,
That sits upon the knob
Right on the Cap-i-tol.

Go way you Uncle Sam,
We are happy as a clam;
Sammy you're a cunning coon—
You are, upon my soul;
You don't cut any ice,

Though you think you're mighty nice;
We can lick the stuffing out of you
I'll bet my bottom dol.

Hurrah, my hearty cocks,
Canadians are the folks,
That can lay 'em out just right along,
Like sliding down a knoll.
We're the lads right from the snows
That can pull the dastard's nose,
And start 'em on a making tracks
When we go to call the roll.

Whilst we carry off the stakes
For our pretty maidens' sakes,
We will fight until we die,
And their honor we'll extoll.
At our foes we'll go full sail
And we'll make skip pell mell,
Like woodchucks in a corn patch,
We'll make 'em hunt a hole.

Canadians, "don't you fret
" Are corkers now, you bet;"
And to our gallant boys we will
A merry ditty troll.
For "we're right side up with care,"
That's our motto ' to a hair;'
So hip, hurrah for Johnny Bull,
The jolly good old soul.

Then, hurrah, my merry man,
Let us cheer and cheer again;
Our grand Canadian flag
From its staff we'll unroll;
As sons of Briton bold,
We will 'show up as of old;
And the chap that tries to lick us
He haint got no cinch, by goll.

A SERENADE.

During the last severe hot spell a youth was heard in St. Marys serenading his fair lady as follows:

Come down my darling Jane
And listen to my strain;
On the sweet guitar am playing a loving song to thee;
When the pale moon is declining
And the little stars are shining,
Come down the stairs, my darling, and listen unto me;
For I ting ting on my gay guitar
And I listen to the old town bell,
With its ding, dong, ding, I hear it swing,
My darling Jane, it's swell.

Come down my darling Jane,
Or my heart will break in twain
On the wings of love sweet angel, come darling unto me.

Am waiting love, am waiting,
And lovingly am stating,
With fond affection darling Jane, undying
love for thee;
For I ting, ting, ting on my gay guitar,
And I listen to the old town bell,
With its ding dong ding, I hear it swing—
My darling Jane, it's swell.

Subsequent to the recent cold snap he again serenaded his lady love by singing the above in this way:

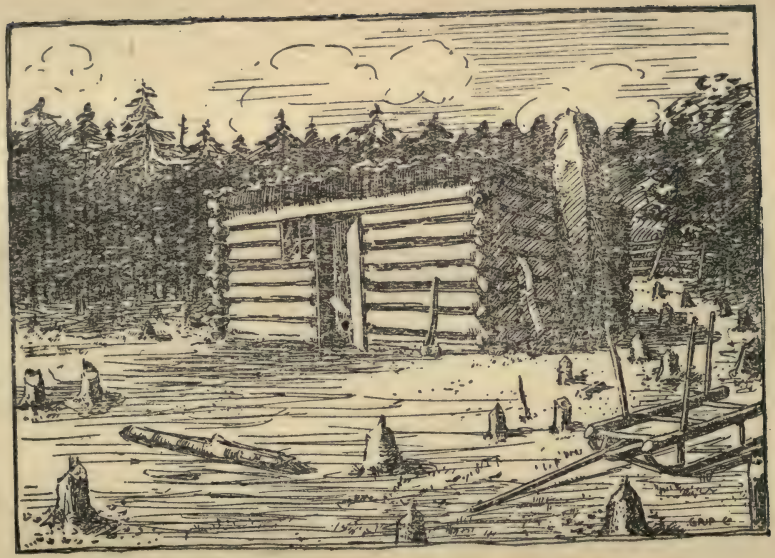
Come dowd my darlig Jade
And listig to my staid,
Od the sweet guitar am playig a lovig sog
to thee;
Whed the pale mood is declidig
Ad the little stars are shidig,
Come dow dthe stairs, my darlig, ad listig
uddo me.
For I tig, tig od my gay guitar
Ad I listig the old towd bell,
With its dig dog dig, I hear it swig;
My darlig Jade, its swell.

(Solo, in subdued tones).
I chaged my wider cloes
Ad cled dogt up my dose,
Ad the doged thig is stuged as tight as a
chug of sealig wax.
The more I blows ad blows,

The plug still firmer grows,
(O Lord that sdort) my darlig Jade wod favor I do ax.

Come dowd my darlig Jade
Or my heart will break id twaid,
Od the wigs of love sweet aidgel, come darlig uddo me;
Am waitig love, am waitig,
Ad lovigly am statig,
With fod affectiod darlig, udyig love for thee.
For I tig, tig od my gay guitar
Ad I listig the old towd bell,
With its dig dog dig, I hear it swig;
My darlig Jade, its swell.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



AUTHOR'S HOME IN HIS PIONEER DAYS

THE OLD PIONEER.

To the memory of the old pioneers of St. Marys and surrounding district this poem is inscribed.

Old Pioneer come rest awhile
And tell me of the early days,
When wild beasts roamed all through the woods
And paths were marked out by a blaze.
Tell me about the years of toil,
Of dangers past I like to hear
How hard these fertile fields were won;
Come tell me all, Old Pioneer.

Woodman, what of the logging bee,
The raising with its noise and din,
The patient oxen on the sled,
Of hardships met when moving in;
The lug pole and the big fire place,
The back log blazing in the rear,
The bread bake-kettle on the hearth
Must have been jolly, Pioneer.

Say, did you have a poking stick
And tallow rag with feeble glim,
To light the trough-roofed shanty walls,
Where chipmunks chattered pert and prim;
And when the lynx yelled in the woods,
Or famished wolves came howling near;

With gleaming ax, say did you stand
A brave home guard, Old Pioneer.

Miskeeters big as humming birds,
Like Egypt's locusts swarming rose,
And started on the baldest heads
Their games of baseball or lacrosse.
At evening worship join the hymn,
Then prod you right behind the ear;
Say, warn't your prayers mighty short
And streaked with cuss words, Pioneer ?

Did wigglers riggle in the pail
And black flies make the oxen roar;
Then strike a bee-line for the smudge,
You started at the shanty door.
With head and tail up off they go,
One bound the old brush fence they clear;
O say, the clattering old cow bell
Must have been fun, Old Pioneer.

If strangers came foot sore and worn,
That want had driven from other lands.
Who on Canadian soil had found
Good honest work for honest hands.
With homely fare you crowned the board,
All welcome to your humble cheer;
God speed them now and for their toil,
Canadian homes for each pioneer.

It would be nice to see the stars
Down on your patch of clearing shine.

To mark the whip-poor-will or hear
Woodpeckers tapping on the pine.
That awful silence of the woods,
Brooding like a wierd nightmere,
And you alone in the dismal wilds,
How could you bear it, Pioneer ?

These scenes, my boy, recall to me
The times my younger life had seen,
But four score years have made some change
And am not now what I have been.
Yet what of that; I had my day;
It does me good, my boy to hear
Thy youthful heart still longs to know
The hardships of a Pioneer.

Those were the days when men were men,
With iron will and sinews strong,
Whose brawny arms transformed this land
And struggled hard to live along;
Though they are gone much still remains
Of what they did while they were here;
Men honor now the woodman's name,
And bless the brave Old Pioneer.

To tell thee, boy, of these old times
For me would be too great a task,
Of what befell the back woods man,
Were far too great a thing to ask.
His work is seen in yonder vale,
Its hardships deeply written here;
And he touched again the hollow cheek
And wrinkled brow of a Pioneer.

I once was tall, and big and strong,
Straight as an arrow, chest and limb;
A hand that held a grip of steel,
An eye that never missed an aim.
These once were mine, now am alone,
Blind and feeble, bent and sore;
A poor, worn, tottering wreck is all
That now remains of the Pioneer.

For time unheeded passes by
Till age and aches grip flesh and bone,
And then stand aside amazed
To wonder where the years have gone.
Alas, they go, and with them too,
Youth, vigor, strength, ambitions dear;
Till nothing's left worth living for,
No future for the Pioneer.

I cared not for the howling wolves,
My arm was strong from daily toil;
But O, that weariness of heart,
That worked like madness in the soul.
Those fields that seem so fertile now,
Were won by sweat year after year;
For her and me we battled long
To make a home for a Pioneer.

Still looking on for better days,
Poor mother did her duty well;
With patient heart enduring more
Than mortal lips can ever tell.

By woman's faith and woman's strength,
She bravely filled her gentle sphere,
And honored men may proudly say
My mother was a Pioneer.

It seemed so hard when we were old,
For her and me at last to part;
That fifty years had pulled along,
Always one in hand and heart.
Taint that am weak if tears roll down
A cheek that never blenched with fear;
I loved poor mother and her smile,
Oft gave new heart to the Pioneer.

Forgive me youth, am sort of sad,
Forgive me, boy, this foolish sigh;
It breaks me up to think of her,
I can't forget her if I try.
From here we see the old log church,
Yon burying ground she helped to clear;
There now she rests beside wee Jim,
With the blessed hope of a Pioneer.

Aye things have changed in those old days—
No doctor lived in twenty mile;
Their want no settler near us then
To help poor mother watch awhile.
I could not bear to see Jim die,
But mother bravely kneeling near,
She kissed and closed his weary eyes
And cried for help to the Pioneer.

My poor old heart seems breaking like,
I ain't no use since she has gone;
But just to potter round the barn
And weep for her when am alone.
But what's the use of shedding tears,
The old are but a cumbrance here;
When hope is dead and nature fails,
Life's work is done for the Pioneer.

My time now surely can't be long,
The worn and weary want to rest;
My aged form is bending low,
To live so long seems not the best.
O death! last refuge of us all,
Thrice welcome I thy presence here;
There is no more for me to do,
I want a pass for the Pioneer.

MYSTERY.

It was, I well remember
A bleak night in December,
I had sat within my chamber
An hour or two or more,
When I heard a foot approaching
And with feeble step encroaching,
Along the pathway leading
Up to my cottage door.

By a lamp still faintly gleaming,
I saw one stand that seeming

As he on a staff was leaning,
Some shelter would implore;
The night was cold and snowing,
And a bitter wind was blowing,
When he begged to warm his aged limbs,
That weary were and sore.

As he waited for my greeting,
His cold hands he stood beating,
As if along their bloodless palms
Some warmth he could restore.
For long years I have wandered,
On life's mystery have pondered;
He answered to inquiries
Which I had made before.

Twice forty times the lily
I have seen adorn the valley,
And in its spreading bosom,
Both life and beauty bore;
With winter's stern ensuing,
And in their fury strewing
The charm of all the summer fields
With a breadth of biting hoar.

I have seen a form of beauty
Live a sacrifice to duty,
Whom cold neglect had stricken,
Deep to the bosom core;
In love's devotion perish,
While the vile and heartless flourish
By deceit and low chicanery,
To wealth still adding more.

I have seen the unrelenting,
The selfish unrepenting,
Scorn the orphan's piteous tale,
While assistance they implore;
With haughty pride disdaining,
The humble uncomplaining,
Despise the noble and the good,
The friendless and the poor.

I have heard the voice of gladness
Sing to a wail of sadness;
The lovely garments of the bride
Become the shroud she wore;
And trembling at life's mystery,
With tears inscribed the history
Of unexpected happenings,
More strange than ancient lore.

But, sir, I asked the stranger
Has heaven no avenger,
Nor hell no awful torments
For this cruel, heartless corps.
Is Almighty power yet sleeping,
While millions fast are creeping;
Unknown to their place of rest,
Returning never more.

Let men he said aspire
From love's altar seize the fire,
And wave aloft the holy rood,
While higher still they soar;

Still holding out to heaven
The hands that long have striven
To grasp the palms of angels,
And cling for ever more.

What is past thy comprehending,
Is past thy craft amending;
Thy vision is too narrow—
Creation to explore.
Be hopeful while you're waiting,
Assiduously creating
Something to raise humanity
Yet higher than before.

Contempt of all futurity,
At best is frail security
When troubled hearts are failing,
Through the power they can't ignore.
There is comfort in believing,
Indecision is deceiving;
Fidelity is sterling coin,
Presumption useless ore.

The dread of hell's enslaving
And love alone is saving;
Hell was not created
By the spirit I adore.
I spurn aside the story
That robs God of His glory,
And dooms the helpless sinking wretch,
To pains unknown before.

Thus he made an end of speaking,
And as one a refuge seeking,
The shadow of the stranger
Passed on my chamber door;
While through the snow still falling
I heard him wierdly calling:
The beautiful dawn is breaking,
I shall return no more.

TO MARY.

This is the end, thy task is done—
Cold is the heart that lived to love;
This weary life I must live on,
Nor more thy sweet affection prove.
My Mary.

Remembrance fondly may recall
The happy hours I've spent with thee;
But, oh! reflection saddens all,
And sorrow now is left for me.
My Mary.

Alone at yonder silent grave
I linger still with tearful eyes;
The rustling winds the rank weeds wave
Where thy sweet face all lonely lies.
My Mary.

In fancy as I muse alone
I see thee still as thou hast been;

The dream dissolves, the spell is gone,
And bitter tears must close the scene.
My Mary.

O weary, weary is the night,
And weary, weary is the day;
The world now is not so bright,
Since the dear form was laid away.
My Mary.

Come back again. Oh, never more
Shall thy pure eye look love to mine;
The earth that wraps thee won't restore
That dear sweet form that once was mine.
My Mary.

Long years may come and strength shall fail,
The sun of youth in age will set;
But memory lingers like a spell,
I cannot, never will forget.
My Mary.

No face to me was ever fairer,
No fonder heart than thine could be;
No love on earth was ever dearer
Than was the love thou gave to me.
My Mary.

TO MY LIFE.

Dear life, although we have together
Been travellers now for quite a spell;
Sometime the golden cord will sever,
Sometime will come a long farewell.

We have been happy, yet we know
Somewhat of sorow we have seen;
But what of that, have we not had
Some bright and sunny blinks between ?

Our years have been three score and ten
Since we were part of that unseen;
Though time transforms and changes come,
We still shall be for having been.

But you have shown me wondrous things,
Unlocking mysteries once unknown;
Now this I know I am a part
Of all that is, and what is gone.

Yet death shall come to every one,
But let it come we will not fear;
Experience, hope, affection, love,
We will resign without a tear.

There is no death, for that implies
A blotting out as years extend;
That heaven's purpose is impaired,
And all creative power shall end.

Shall light infinite lose its power—
Omnipotence be swept away;
Shall heaven and earth to chaos pass?
We are immortal such as they.

Why should we weep for those at rest
In that long sleep to wake no more;
For they will change evolving still,
Perfection greater than before.

Pluck the pale lily from its stem,
Its gentle beauty crush at will;
It seems to die, but yet lives on,
In odorous sweetness greater still.

Yet sometime you will go dear life,
And leave me silent and alone;
But still this mystery will remain,
As part of God we shall live on.

But changed from frail mortality,
To what we knew not of before;
For this it seems all things that fall,
Creative power will yet restore.

And whether we have faithful been,
In many things or only few;
The creature who restrains himself
Has surely still enough to do.

Wait not on purpose, however good,
But in things unselfish done;

Wait not in precept nor in thought,
But in good example shown.

This is the test of all for all:
Not what I say but what I am;
For honest work is heaven's work,
While purpose often ends in sham.

Though little good we may have done—
Temptations may have been withstood;
They have not failed who honestly
Have done the very best they could.

It seems to me this truth remains,
That for us all it would be well,
For goodness sake to do what's right,
And not from any fear of hell.

O, cruel heart, in death that doomed,
To curse with fiends a brother man;
While threats of fierce damnation fill
With horror, life's allotted span.

Who does his best to smooth the path,
Where many bleeding feet have trod;
In patience helps the weary on—
He shall stand nearest unto God.

BE KIND TO THY BROTHER.

Be kind to thy brother, don't treat him so coldly,
He knows he is weak, but unstained with crime;
Don't leave him to perish, but raise him up kindly,
Nor wait opportunity—now is the time.

He always is human, therefore he is erring,
And the sport of his passions, weak child of a day.
He's a prodigal son, yet show you are caring
For the poor, hapless wretch that has drifted away.

Speak to him kindly, go try and restore him;
Temptations are strong, and men are so weak.
In charity's name for fear you may wrong him;
Let your voices be dumb or in sympathy speak.

O lift him up gently, tenderly judge him;
As you hope for a blessing, do not leave him alone.
Like a friend in affliction, with kindness approach him,
For he still has a heart just as warm as thy own.

We see but his failings, we know not his feelings;
How much we may rue or his weakness deplore;
How much we may strive, still forever is falling
As helpless and hopeless, and weak as before.

His heart may be noble, well he may love thee;
He would suffer and die supporting your cause,
Maintaining thy name and defending thy honor,
He would give all he has, nor think of applause.

There's none of us perfect, all have sins that's besetting;
It is human to err, but divine to forgive.
We all are so brave when not called on to suffer;
To be good is so easy, while untempted we live.

Don't leave him to perish because you are safe,
And your name is inscribed in the book of the Lamb,
In conspicuous form, thus attesting your glory,

As a sample of heaven to degenerate man.

Don't scorn the poor fellow, ah no, he won't soil thee;
He is not in your set, so you leave him alone;
His face has the mark, and his hand looks like tolling;
He don't worship with you, let him look to his own.

We call him a brother if he's lord of a mansion;
We despise him if poor, for that is a crime.
All people are brothers, they but differ in madness,
Which death and eternity levels in time.

TO A STAR.

Lo; thou comest at even
From the dark depths of Heaven,
In silence alone through the twilight afar;
Like a fountain of lucid light
That fillest the dome of night,
All peerless in brightness—
Thou beautiful star.

And oft as I ponder,
Amazement and wonder
  Fills all my being to know what you are.
Is thy realm all blessedness,
And unclouded happiness,
Or a land of forgetfulness—
  Beautiful star.

Is that glory of thine
The Creator's design;
  Where spirits shall rest and dreams never
    mar.
With no tears and no agonies,
No sorrow, nor bitter sighs;
No hopeless nor breaking hearts—
  Beautiful star.

Ah! we love to contemplate
A glorious and happy state,
  When the sun goeth down at the close of
    life's war.
And we sleep through the silent night,
To awake in the morning light,
When thou setest forever—
  O, beautiful star.

UNCLE WULL.

Come Nance, step round, sort up the hoose,
And soop the chimla lug;
Gae ripe the ribs and start a lowe,
And mak the things look snug;
Snod up your hair and from the kist
Your brawest apron cull;
I see a chiel come in the gate
That looks like Uncle Wull.

It's him! It's him! As true as death,
I ken him by his swing;
He's shining in his braw new claes
He bought frae tailor Ling.
He's aye with jokes and funny sangs,
And queer auld stories full;
He'll keep us laughing half the night—
Our dear ould Uncle Wull.

But losh the weans are at him noo—
They're puing at his hans,
And some are hanging at his knees—
They'll mob him where he stands.
Wee toty with her curly head,
Like tow jist frae the mull,
Is spielin' up into his arms,
To kiss dear Uncle Wull.

Frae bulging pouches, peep their fairns
A perie for wee Dave;
A knife for Jock, a doll for Jenn,

And sweeties for the lave.
He roars and laughs with muckle glee,
His kindly heart gits full
When happy bairnes shout hoo-ray,
Hoo-ray for Uncle Wull.

The frying pan slip on the cleek,
And fill it up wi ham;
For tired and hungry he must be—
A long road he has cam.
And bring auld grey beard frae the press,
We faith must hae a pull;
It's not so often that we meet
Wi dear auld Uncle Wull.

MY NATIVE LAND.

I can't forget Auld Scotland's hills,
Her very name is dear to me;
Though richer be Canadian plains,
My heart Old Land still clings to thee.

There I spent youth's happy days;
Alas! that time should fly so fast,
But hopes, ambitions, golden years,
All ripen into age at last.

There linties greet the early morn,
The lark her love note warbles high;
The blushing wild rose on the thorn
Her dewy cheek lifts to the sky.

I've guddled in thy mountain streams;
In youthful daffin' coost my claes,
And owre the lugs plump in the pool,
Then oot and rin alang the braes.

And when the big, bright simmer sun
Ayont the hills his covert seeks;
Limp, greeting hame wi' hacket feet,
And muckle holes torn in my breeks.

Where have you gone, auld comrades dear,
That played in Scotland's glens wi' me?
Some lying cold in the lonely yard,
Some sleeping in the distant sea.

Stern fate decreed that we should part,
Never to see each other mair;
That I should wander in the path
That leads to weariness and care.

And you, for whom my heart still warms,
Fain would I ken, remaining few,
If poortith ere had found your door,
Or sorrow ere had troubled you.

For us, for all this dreary life
Has little in't when youth is gone;
We try to rest our weary limbs,
But hope aye bids us travel on.

And you auld Ayr, my native vale,
With thee may peace forever dwell,
And by thy sons where'er they be,
Thy honored name exalted still.

TO MY MOTHER.

You are old, my dear mother, your hair has grown grey,
You are weary and worn, and sair crup-pen doune;
But the back must aye bend, though lang, lang it may
Bear up a' the burdens that life has laid on.

Though hard was your darg, you were cheery and cantie,
For a brat and a soup you have struggled your lane;
Though often near beat, and your havins but scanty,
Ye aye warstled through still behadden to nane.

Well do I mind when I was a wee laddie,
I puid at your pouch and grat for a fairn,
When you covered your head with your auld tartan pladdie,
And hide and go seek you played with your bairn.

When I fretted at night you fondly caressed me,
And crooned me to sleep with some auld Scottish strain;

Then happit and clappet, and closer aye pressed me,
And kissed me and kissed me, again and again.

Through all the long years you watched all my ailings,
No voice like my mother's my sorrows could charm;
Like other wee laddies I had my bit failings,
But thy kind loving eye never saw any harm.

My wee ragged breeks you have clouted and clouted,
As I lay fast asleep and you sat all alone;
And if I but murmed how findly you looket,
Till your wee jookydaidels slept like a stone.

I mind of the day I first gaed to the fishing,
You made me a warm poke tied with a string;
And I toddled awa' to the burnie aye wishing
To catch a big thumper ilk cast I would fling.

But schule days came on an I went with wee Jennie,
You gave us bawbees to buy sweeties and bools;

To keep us aye trig you spent your last penny,
But alas! poor wee Jenny's been lang in the mools.

Dinna greet dear old mother, if the flowers of thy bloom,
Are a wed away that once bloomed so fair;
Wee Robbie and Tam we grat sair to lose them,
But they're all dead and gone; we can see them nae mair.

The sands of Sahara are desert and dreary,
As the regions of ice when the daylight had fled.
Of all desolation the heart is the serest
Of the old widowed mother; her children dead.

When the cold winter winds round the old house are blawin
In the cosiest place I will aye set your chair;
When the houlet screams hoarse, through the snaw as its fawin,
I will crack of Lang Syne to drive away care.

Come weel, come woe, beit little or mair o't,
Be it poor tithe or plenty that falls to my lot;

Though my cog be not fou, you will aye get
a share o't,
If I ware my last plack, you will not be
forgot.

My dear, dear old mother, I will never ne-
glect yae,
Till the thread of existence runs out to the
pirn;
Till the day that I die, through all I'll pro-
tect yae,
For the love that you gave me when I
was a bairn.

A SUMMER MORNING.

The mountain's tops are bathed in light,
And from the vales where shadows sleep;
The mist rolls upward fold on fold,
That lay in glen and rocky steep.

The dew like pearls glistening hangs,
From opening bud and floweret gay;
Whose spreading bosom waits his glance,
To wanton with the orb of day.

Who like a shield of burnished gold,
In matchless splendor nature dyes,
And glancing o'er the crimson cloud,
With glory fill the morning skies.

The livid light creeps down the hills,
  The languid stars dissolve in blue;
The streams that murmur down the vales,
  With liquid lyre sings welcome to.

And far and near o'er moor and dale
  Awakes with joy the feathered train,
While through the woods the cushat's note,
  Responsive echo calls again.

The whole earth sings, its myriad forms
  Instinctive all their powers employ,
In one vast hum, rolls forth a strain
  Of teeming gladness, love and joy.

From yonder hut beside the spring,
  The plodding rustic slowly moves,
Still turning ere he cross the style,
  A kiss throws back to those he loves.

Whose faces at the window pane
  Shall all his absent hours beguile;
Till dewy eve brings home again,
  Where love rewards him for his toil.

Let every living thing that moves,
  Join in the universal strain
For us to love, to us for joy
  Another day has dawned again.

LOVE'S ENIGMA.

Love is omnipotent, divine,
The charm of life, the soul of praise,
The glory of our manhood's prime,
The comfort of the later days.

The talisman of human hearts,
The key that opes the gates of heaven!
The unseen hand that points the way
To fairer realms than earth has given.

Thrice happy they that live to love,
Still yielding to her magic spell;
That lifts and holds securely where
The angels whisper all is well.

What is fortune, time or distance,
The ills of earth, the taunts of care;
Life would be continuous pleasure
If love was sparkling everywhere.

It watches through the anxious night,
It sooths the brow, dispels the gloom;
Walks in the solemn measured march
And lingers weeping at the tomb.

Love is patient, ever trusting,
Though long neglected fears no ill.
It fills the cup of pleasure full,
While lips unworthy drink at will.

In every land, in evey sphere,
Sometime, somewhere, it comes to all,
And in the cottage of the poor
Burns brightly as in palace hall.

It trims the lamp, waits our coming,
It guides the bark through seething foam;
Cheers the humble cottage fireside,
And makes the sun shine in the home.

No place too far, no height too high,
No fear whatever may befall;
No thought how dark or rough the way,
For love will overcome them all.

It is not bought, it is not sold,
It can not come and go at will;
It is not young, its never old,
Nothing it costs, though priceless still.

With odorous sweetness ever comes,
While peace close to her bosom clings;
To bless and elevate mankind
With gentle hand to sway all things.

PLEASURES OF THE POOR.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their humble joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
(Gray).

Toil on, toil on, poor helpless slaves,
Like earth worms creeping to your graves,
  Beneath a load of care;
Your humble lot see pride disown,
As beasts of burden fit alone
  The galling yoke to bear.

While wealthy knaves are still carressed
The poor are often sore oppressed
  And scorned beneath contempt;
Want is a master too severe—
It throws round life a prospect drear
  From all but pain exempt.

Some in the cup seeks happiness,
And madly riot in excess
  All goodness disregard;
Till sensuous lust imbrutes the man,
And retribution sends him on
  To meet his just reward.

Your hard won savings will be small
If honest effort kick the ball,
  Till youth and strength are spent;
For humble toil there's little gear,
Yet still there may be pleasure there,
  If seasoned with content.

All honest work enables life,
And entering bravely in the strife,
  May make our hardships less.
But poor folk still in spite of cant,

In spite of philosophic rant,
  Are always near distress.

And yet it seems designed through all,
That kings on toiling worth must call,
  Declaring as they stand.
The noblest work this earth contains,
Must be as long as man remains,
  The work of larbour's hand.

There may be pleasure for the great,
In pride of power and high estate
  Some lucky chance has won;
Yet life has purer happiness
That springs from honest consciousness
  Of faithful duty done.

Think you all those who idle flount,
Like gaudy moths at pleasure's fount,
  That only they are blessed.
No peavish discontent will frown,
Though love itself make beds of down
  That will not give them rest.

When welcome night her mantle throws
O'er nature tending to repose
  As tired I daunner hame;
Wee totems meet me at the gate,
Dear pledges of my bonny Kate—
  My darling youthful flame.

Wee Tammie climbs up on my back
And tells me all his mamma's talk

About her braw new gown;
My lyart locks he twists like thrums,
And makes a slate to do his sums
Of the bald spot on my crown.

Wee totie at me gives a keek,
But in my arms ere she can speak,
I press her on my breast;
She tells me something that she heard,
She pulls my nose and then my beard,
And says she likes me best.

I toss about make such a splore,
The weans skip round with such a roar
Of laughing fun and glee;
They nip my knees and coup my chair,
Tickle my ribs and pull my hair—
Then climb all over me.

Lord man to see the funning and the daffin,
My sides are like to split with laughing
To see their funny ploy;
My arm around my Kate I rax
And from her lips take tithe and tax—
Am fairly wild with joy.

What care I then for hours of toil,
Such pleasure makes it worth my while
To battle with distress;
My bairnies' innocence to share
Rolls from my breast all carking care
In floods of happiness.

Away you silly, stupid fools,
That pleasure taste by social rules
  Or actor's droll grimace.
Give me the free spontaneous part,
The glorious gushings of the heart
  That glows in childhood's face.

What is ambitions greater prize,
A glamor cast before the eyes,
  Compared with scenes like this.
O fruit, how often at the core,
We taste but once then ever more,
  Grue at its rottenness.

So when my youth and strength decay,
And age comes hirpling up the brae,
  To claim the debt of nature's plan;
Write on the stone where tomb weeks creep:
Say, in these mools there lies asleep
  A poor, but honest man.

LAMENT.

For my dog, who departed this life January 27th, 1905, aged fourteen years. (Requiescat in Pace).

No more in joy the days will pass;
He's gone! he's gone! alas! alas!
Ochone! yea all flesh is grass
  O'er the departed;
Let plaintive strains from Gow or Strauss
  For him be started.

He was a bonny kindly dog
As ever licked a caup or cog,
No wicked pranks he played in cog,
  Like mongrel whelps;
For his forbears had bayed the fog
  On Scottish Alps.

A nobler collie never man saw,
In simple faith a Sancho Panza,
Between St. Marys and Arkansaw
  He had no peer;
To him I dedicate this stanza
  With many a tear.

But now he's gone, where none can tell;
It's only men that go to hell,
Though dogs have souls just like sel;
Yet when they die
They are never fried like tripe or quail,
  For devil's pie.

If rats ere squelled about the riggin,
Or midnight prowlers came colliggin,
To creep through windows in the biggin
  Or bolts to draw;
With lugs erect and auld tail waggin,'
  He watched them all.

Bailiffs and duns he kenned them weel,
Those curst excisemen of the diel—
A wee bit snap at hip or heel,
  But naught to hurt.

Admonished thus it made them feel
'Twas time to start.

When cold March winds relentless beat,
And wee lambs at their mother's feet,
Gaed stoiting round amid the weet
Fair numbled with cold;
He turned them gently through the sleet
Back to the fold.

With love paternal great and sma',
He in compassion tended a'
To dainty spots in glen or schaw—
Some cozie biel;
Where they could bear the bitter blaw
And comfort feel.

The sense of age adorned his youth,
'Mong dogs a sage, to man in truth
A noble friend; from north to south
None loved me so;
But now he's gone and am forsooth,
Plunged deep in woe.

What happy days we spent together,
Toddling round with one another;
We were so pack and fond of ither
That aye to me;
Though but a dog he seemed a brither
In sympathy.

When the Nazarene was crucified,
That mighty soul who wept and died,

With cruel wounds on hands and side
In agony.
For love to you, to all, he cried,
I came, I die.

Pure love is such a precious thing,
Even a dog's will pleasure bring.
The maidens dream what angels sing—
Immortal tale;
Light of the soul eternal spring
Sweet love, all hail.

And thus the tears now fill my een,
With you at last I had not been;
Some comfort small I might hae gaen
In thy last hour,
To you my kind old trusty friend—
But friend no more.

O, death! dread foe of hut and hall,
Before whom men and dogs must fall,
Thou might have spared him to us all
A wee while yet;
But nature's universal call
We must respect.

VICTORIOUS CURLERS.

To William Somerville, J. D. Moore, Geo. Grant, William Andrews, Joseph Oddy, John Weir and Samuel Sparling, representing the St. Marys Curlers, who succeeded in winning the Tankard at the finals, this poem is inscribed.

When winter winds in blizzards high,
And lakes and rivers frozen lie;
When feathered songsters flock and fly
On pinions swift
To warmer climes and brighter sky
Far south they drift.

Then curlers meet on winter's floor,
With funny yarns and jokes galore,
While friendships are renewed once more—
A glad to see
The kind old hearts that years before
Meet at the tee.

But ah! St. Mary's, time has fled,
Since o'er them a you cocked your head;
The very ice beneath your tread
Shone with delight
When every stane to victory sped—
O, what a sight!

As up the rink you see them come,
Their gliding roar a muffled hum,

And every chiel stood fairly dumb
To see them a
Slip round the tee—four shots, by gum;
Hoo-ra, hoo-ra!

Skip Willie cries, tak tent, J. D.,
Nae roarer noo, inturn a wee;
O man, she's bonny, let her be—
She's on the pot.
Then Geordie croons the Doxology
At sic a shot.

In lordly pride, some city bloods
Wae braw boiled sarks and diamond studs;
On every breast some sickly buds
They tried a game,
Then helter skelter grabbed their duds
And started hame.

Let bumptious youths from baseball rings,
Croquet, hockey, sic silly things
Are ploys for weans at apron strings,
And no for men,
Whose manly ardor hotly springs
Wae ilka stane.

The Lord aye keep you from excess,
From fleshy lusts and carnal bless,
While friendship fills the social glass.
Begone dull care,
Thy honest worth will bring success,
What need of mair?

May joy go with each canty chiel,
When finals play the last bonspiel;
Let every heart beat warm and leel
In that last game,
And sing Lang Syne gaun past the diel
And his het hame.

To lay your heads on Abram's breast,
As close to Sarah as seems best;
A cozie nook among the blest
'Yont death's hog score,
There round the tee in glory rest
Forever more.

I WOULD LIVE ALWAY!

To have again the glorious hopes of youth,
Which heeds not circumstance whose ardour fills;
Brave hearts with happy thoughts of life,
And tunes the strings that all our being thrills.
I would live alway!

To live the life that living still exalts,
To grasp the theme of heaven, earth and sky,
Whose earnest pleadings whisper to the heart
That love alone is immortality.
I would live alway!

To see dark waving locks profusely thrown,
In tangled waves along a queenly brow,
Whence innocence supreme glows in the glance,
Or hear sweet voices as I hear them now.
I would live alway!

To see the tender blossom on the bough,
Whose fragrant odors fills the leafy grove;
And hear the still small voice calling, calling,
Come, sing the song of everlasting love.
I would live alway!

To see far off the light of happy days,
When human hearts will bend for good to all;
When man and man shall clash each other's hands
With faith sublime, whatever may befall.
I would live alway!

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

To see the prime of manhood quickly pass,
In rank debauch that shames the coming day,
Or measured tread of mourners solemn march
To death's cold home, that bears the lifeless clay.
I would not live alway!

To see the wreck of youth a palsied form
With supplication mild and feeble tone,
Imploring shelter from the pelting storm;
A waif, unloved, uncared for, and unknown
I would not live alway!

To see the wreck of youth, a palsied form,
Wring the last crust from poor old helpless hands;
Then heartless wallow in the pittance gained,
As beasts that burrow in the shifting sands.
I would not live alway!

To see the sum of all the ills of life,
Which heaven permits or man can ever frame;
A conscience seared with records of the past,
A life that leaves no trace but that of shame.
I would not live alway!

To see regret, thy poisoned fangs remorse,
Deformed and pitiless, O cruel pair;
Relentless scourge the wretched end of life,
That trembling on a staff weeps in despair.
I would not live alway!

Shades of those I loved, and still more dear
That linger near me, gentle spirits say
There is a home to mortals yet unknown,
Which love will fill forever. Come, come, away.
You cannot live away!

THOU DEAR WEE WIFE O' MINE.

At eventide when quiet repose,
  Her mantle flings o'er earth and sky,
I think again of happy days
  With heavy heart and tearful eye;
Alone I wander in the paths,
  Where tangled grass and rank weeds twine,
For dreary is that lonely yard
  Where sleeps that dear wee wife o' mine.

The weeping willow lowly droops
  Above the tombs beneath its shade,
Where youthful forms and hoary age
  All peaceful, side by side, are laid;
And faintly as the evening star
  Relieves the twilight's soft decline,
I linger in the lonely yard,
  Where sleeps that dear wee wife o' mine.

O memories dear of happy days
  Awhile stay with me for I stray
Where shadows fall and sorrows wait
  And am alone this lonely lonely way.
This life seems now a weary load,
  'Round troubled hearts no pleasures twine;
Mine lies with thee in the cauld Kirk yard,
  Thou bonny sweet wee wife o' mine.

The rose is withered at the door,
  Whose fragrance filled the evening air,
No loving heart waits me at home

And no fond look of welcome there.
The voice is mute that artless flung
Sweet chords along the measured line;
For in the cold and lonely yard
She sleeps, that dear wee wife o' mine.

At eve our bairnie climbs my knee
To cheer me in my dreary home;
She asks why mamma stays away
And wonders why she does not come.
I lay her wee head on my breast,
In grief my bosom can't confine
As I look away to the old Kirk yard,
Where sleeps that dear wee wife o' mine.

Beauteous spring with fragrant breath
And roses crowned shall come again,
When vernal showers shall mantel forth
The gayest verdure on the plain;
But never, never more shall come
The happy days I spent Lang Syne,
For O the grass in the lonely yard
Waves o'er that dear wee wife of mine.

She is no more, nor time shall change
The destiny of earth to earth,
But dear affections of the heart
Outlive the forms that gave them birth.
My fancy's dream may yet restore
The eye that looked thy love divine;
But never from that lonely yard
Shall come that dear wee wife o' mine.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

What ails thy heart, whose accents low
Repeat so oft this cry of woe,
In mournful measure calling slow
    At evening still,
Where forest streamlets rippling flow
    'Tis Whip-poor-will.

Again, O sad voice, wild and shrill,
What sorrow does thy bosom fill,
What ails thy heart, there seems a thrill
    In every word.
Is life and love beyond thy skill,
    Unhappy bird.

If thou were human it might be
Man's inhumanity to thee,
Had scorned thy frail simplicity
And trusting love,
Till thou art in obscurity,
Destined to move.

And yet again thy solemn note
Seems like a sorrow unforgot,
Or does some wild tumultuous thought
Thy bosom fill;
That answering echoes far remote,
Cry Whip-poor-will.

Away in yonder wilderness
A homeless thing of dark impress,
Unknown to joy, unknown to bliss
By lonely rill.
Thou crieth as in sore distress,
Whi-whip-poor-will.

Strange nursling of the solitude,
Thou lonely tenant of the wood,
Has earth for thee no shelter good,
Nor place of rest;
Where watching over thy tender brood
Thou mayest be blest?

For joy is here and pleasure there
And love's warm throb is everywhere;
Can't thy poor heart its raptures share,
Whatever befall?

For nature's beauties, as the air,
Are free to all.

The wild rose greets the humming bee,
The bloom hangs pendant from the tree,
Where birds sing love in wanton glee,
With tuneful voice.
These golden scenes might even thee
Cause to rejoice.

Yet while I list, as darkness falling,
Obscures the streamlet softly brawling,
In dreary tones I hear thee calling
Beside the rill
Like a soul that's lost in torment wailing—
Whip-whip-poor-will.

SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well Scotia, land of the thistle,
Alone and unfriended I cross the blue sea;
Far away from the braes where the primroses nestle,
And the glens where I played my companions with thee.

The tears blind my een when I gaze on the shore,
As my bark sails away o'er the waves of the main;

So farewell to my country, I shall ne'er see thee more,
Nor tread o'er thy hills or thy valleys again.

The laverock afar in the blue lift is singing,
She soars with delight from her nestlings away;
The rose scented vale with sweet melody's ringing
From the throat of the lintie that welcomes the day.

The seagull sweeps down through the mist in the morning,
And dips its white wings in the waves of the sea;
There is joy in their flight, and pleasure returning,
To their nests in the meadow, the rock, or the tree.

For me I must wander and dwell amongst strangers,
Yet home and her beauties shall fancy recall;
I can bear with misfortune, with troubles and dangers,
But this cold separation is saddest of all.

Farewell to my kindred and friends who have
loved me,
You that I loved I will often recall;
Bright memories dear will often restore thee,
And you, loving mother, the dearest of all.

FORGET NOT YET.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know since whan
The suit the service none tell can
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays
Forget not yet.
—Sir Thomas Wyat.

Forget not yet the days of yore,
When youth unlocked her treasured store,
For years are gone to come no more.
Forget not yet.

The burning sigh, the clinging kiss,
The raptured hour that sets in bliss,
Dear hearts that never think amiss.
Forget not yet.

Dream on, dream on, in youthful joy,
Though pleasures like a maiden cry,
Time still shall build and time destroy.
Forget not yet.

And lingering fondly, looking back,
With tears survey our beaten track,
Where happy hours lie strewn like rack.
Forget not yet.

The tearful eye, the aching heart,
The blasted hope, the bitter smart
Of cold deception's polished dart.
Forget not yet.

Yet there are hearts, though hope be gone,
That plead with fate and wait alone,
Despairing still, will still love on.
Forget not yet.

The high resolve, the honest part,
The thrillings of the noble heart,
The truth that needs no gloss of art.
Forget not yet.

Alas, we go, I know not where,
Through all our life, in foul or fair,

A feast for worms we but prepare.
Forget not yet.

In withered leaves beneath the tree,
Go read the fate in store for thee,
For such as they, so thou shalt be.
Forget not yet.

He only lives who lives for love,
And calmly waits time's latest move,
That life is but a treasure trove.
Forget not yet.

THE FLOWERY BANKS OF BONNY AYR.

Auld Ayr flows onward like a dream,
And murmurs to the shades of night.

Let poets sing of other climes,
Where softer zephers ever blow,
And kinder suns with ardent gaze
Beats flowers and fruits with deeper glow.
I'll sing old Colia's hills and dells,
Her glens and valleys passing fair,
Where yorlins sing to the sweet blue bells
On the flowery banks o' bonny Ayr.

The hawthorn bush and birkin tree,
Their blosoms on thy bosom fling,
And wanton in thy silvery ware
Old Ayr to thy sweet murmuring,

All past and gone those happy years,
When youthful pleasures led me there,
And thought took flight on fancy's wings
On the flowery banks o' bonny Ayr.

When sinuous strength had filled my frame,
Wild throbbings through my bosom ran,
Strange longings for a dearer self
Presaged that then I was a man;
I've pu'ed the primrose on the bank
And twined in my lover's hair—
These happy hours how swiftly sped
On the flowery banks of bonny Ayr.

Here nature's work, in scenes divine
Her dearest raptures had designed,
The beauty that constrained the eye,
Should deeper still impress the mind.
I hear the voice of Him that sang
And struggled on oppressed with care,
His lingering shade yet steals alang
The flowery banks o' bonny Ayr.

O, power divine, whose will designed
My weary feet thus far should stray;
O, grant when I go forth alone
To tread the dark and weary way,
That I may lay this earth worn clod,
Alike unknowing joy or care
In death's repose may dreamless sleep,
On the flowery banks o' bonny Ayr.

SLEEPING VERSUS EATING.

God bless the man that first invented sleeping,
So Sancho said; the invention's good, no doubt,
But doubly bless the man that first invented eating.
Let all the Saints and all the Fathers to sing out
And praise him well that first thought of treating
His noble friends to roast beef or sour crout,
Or any better dish, say well hashed quail or snipe,
Or just a yard or two of nicely stewed pig tripe.

'Tis pleasant, very, when coldish winds are roaring,
To raise your red-topped night-cap for a peep,
Then take your forty winks, you're not apt for snoring
As vulgar people are when fast asleep.
Then, after two or three yawns, your bell once more ring,
Reaching your inexpressibles, within them slyly creep
And tell your servant to bring your chocolate and fritters,

And just to air a little your newest socks
and slippers.

But I have thought, and 'tis no bad opinion,
And all men may apply this noble rule
Whether they are subjects of a new or old
Dominion
Of very ancient or more modern school,
Be he Noble, Knight or King, or fawning
minion,
He must be, well I'll not say fool,
After a week's fasting, (that's said roundly),
He mounts his trundle thinking to sleep
soundly.

Eating before sleeping then is most essential
To all mankind in general it would seem,
And men are prone their throats to drench
all
With soup or lobster stew, or good ice cream.
Although some moralists may call it sen-
sual,
Society still demands it, and I deem
'Twas always done, even poor Don Juan's
crew
Dined frequently on the sole of boot or shoe.

I've heard a story 'bout scarcity of rations
With three lost wanderers in foreign wood
and dale,
They represented each one of these nations
O'er which Victoria rules so long and well;

But of their names or of their several stations
It is not necessary for me to tell,
Yet being lost and frugal in their way,
Reduced their rations to three dry crusts per day.

They had one loaf still left, but that of course
Was very little divided among them all,
And being weak, it made matters worse,
To hear the howling of the gaunt jackall
That licked his chops and tore the withered gorse
In savage anticipation, and rolled the ball
Of his fierce eye that gloated o'er the feast,
And growled with joy at three good meals at least.

Night coming on, they all with upturned face
And bending solemnly each one his knee,
Swore this oath, (of course their home or native place
They expected all they never more would see,
For in this desert they had seen no trace
Of human habitation or shore or sea,)
That he that dreamed the strangest dream that night
Should eat the loaf to-morrow as 'twas light.

The morning rose on that part of creation,
The Scot rose with it, his jaws stretched too

With two enormous yawns, now their sole occupation,
I've said their dinners were but small and few,
The English knight he changed his situation
And told his dream just as I tell to you:
That he had dined that night on dried meats, tongue and lettuce,
On fish, a sprinkling, fried onions and potatoes.

Poor Pat awoke, tired of the horizontal,
Assumed a perpendicular position,
And looking the others straight in front, all
His soul no doubt was full of deep contrition,
His dream in strangeness certainly is beyond all
I think I give the only exact edition,
"I dreamed," says he, "I could not sleep in bed,
Be japers I rose and ate up all the bread."

BECAUSE I AM POOR.

Fickle fortune the jad
She is surely gone mad,
Her looks of disdain are hard to endure;
While she gives me the sippings
And the dregs of the drippings—
She denies me the feast because I am poor.

See yon well curreyed gent,
That eyes me asklent,
  With his carriage and horses he raises a stoor;
He is big and looks saucy
From the crown of the causey,
  And I step away back because I am poor.

Last night in the hall,
Where the youth at the ball,
  Chased time in her flight, beyond the "sma oor,"
In gladness supreme
They moved like a dream,
  But I dare not join with them because I am poor.

As poverty's guest
Am dispised and oppressed,
  And the cold winds of want blow bitter and doure,
I get little respect,
But mostly neglect—
  None cares for a person that's known to be poor.

My wiffie, poor budy,
Though our weans may be dudy,
  And the meal poke near empty she never looks soor;
Though care worn and weary,
She tries to look cheery,

And she thinks am a Lord although I am
poor.

The man that can feel
To a friend true as steel,
Though he move in the shade and his life
be obscure,
For his honor and faith,
That would die for them baith—
He's a king among men although he is
poor.

If he stand for the right,
Like a giant in might,
Though his rainment were rags, and his
skin like a Moor.
If he build to the line,
Of the plumet divine,
He's a son of the Gods although he is poor.

We will never repine,
Though we cannot shine—
Life's battle we'll fight, till our years will
mature.
When our task is well done,
The goal's fairly won,
And our hearts will rejoice, although we
are poor.

YOUTH AND AGE.

(Strophe).

There are no friends like old friends,
  Though severed long they may have been;
There are no days like the old days,
  Now passed and gone, that we have seen.

There is no house like the old house,
  Deserted now although it be;
There is no love like the old love
  We found beneath the old roof tree.

There is no sun like the old sun,
  That shone so brightly on us then;
There is no fun like the old fun
  We shared with other little men.

There is no school like the old school,
  Where cobwebs hung near to the floor,
And the pedagogue with aspect sour,
  Struck terror in us at the door.

There is no rod like the old rod,
  Old two-times-two so deftly plied,
And disciplined our writhing forms
  Till we tried to sit on our other side.

There is no stream like the old stream,
  Where truant boys were wont to go
And paddle in the swimming pool,
  Regardless of to-morrow's woe.

The summer time was longer then—
  The sun far brighter seemed to shine,
For hearts were young and hopes were high
  In the happy days of Lang—Lang Syne.

Youth comes but once, and soon is gone—
  Gone all enjoyment, so that we
Are left alone when life's a task,
  And marking time at sixty-three.

ANTISTROPHE.

Old dad's too slow, and ma's like dad,
  He don't know nothing how to plan;
But sis she thinks I'm mighty smart—
  I'll let 'em see when I'm a man.

I'll speculate in mining stocks,
  And rake in shekels right off han;
I'll buy a farm, I'll build a house,
  I'll buy a yacht when I'm a man.

On rubber tires I'll spin around,
  I'll make 'em stare to beat the ban;
I'll strike a nice two-minute gait
  With spanking bays, when I'm a man.

I'll buy a seat for poor old dad
  In the Senate, where he can
Smoke twenty-fivers and step around
  Like an old silly Senate man.

Dad sporting in Prince Albert coat,
Ma in silks and gloves of tan,
Will be a circus for the boys—
Lord, how'll I'll laugh when I'm a man.

I'll run for Parliament right off,
I'll pension Jack and Uncle Dan;
I'll raise the pay, don't you fret—
I'll go it strong when I'm a man.

I'll waltz 'em round in proper style,
Great scot, hain't I got the san
To whoop her up, you bet your boots,
I'll make her hum when I'm a man.

EPODE.

Thus youth and age they disagree,
Where pleasure may be found at last;
Youth joys in what is yet to be,
Age lives again in what is past.

Contentment springs from honest toil,
And joy from nature's changeful mood;
His life is best who loveth most,
He's always right who works for good.

Remembering through all thy years
A watchman keepeth ward o'er thee;
Restraining much, enduring all—
Thou would be weak if thou were free.

EPISTLE TO FRANK THOMPSON, AN OLD FRIEND IN AYRSHIRE.

Now autumn nights are longer growing
And barns are full to overflowing,
As youngsters in the fruits are stowing
Against winter's cold;
When winds with icy breath comes blowing
In gusts so bold.

I promised when I came awa'
That night when we assembled a'
To write, although uncouth and raw,
You might expect it;
And like the Medes and Persians' law,
I could not break it.

So I fell till't with muckle pleasure,
Here's stumpies work without erasure,
So you can read just at your leisure
This brief epistle;
Though it may clink in rhyme and measure.
No worth a spittal.

Let others sing of vernal groves,
Magnolian shades where cooing doves
The sacred rite of nature proves
In torrid glades;
And sons of auld Ham tell their loves
To dusky maids.

For me I'll rouse Canadian woods,
Her forest dells and swelling floods,
That through her glens with deafening thuds,
Roll to the main;
While Indian summer's dreamy clouds
Inspire my strain.

How fair, how vast, Canadian plains,
When autumn winds waive yellow grains,
And spreading maples toss their fanes
Up to the sky;
Whose beauty in our autumn lanes,
All climes defy.

What though John Frost may nip and bite
And north winds blow with bitter skite,
Till winter tardy in her flight
Brings bonny spring.
Our cloudless sky so glorious bright,
Yours fairly ding.

E'en winter for me has its charms,
In gathering clouds and furious storms,
When groaning trees with leafless arms
Bend neath the blast;
And whirling wreaths in myriad forms
Sweep o'er the waste.

Again to watch the morning sun
Look through the clouds still rolling dun
O'er drifts the sweeping storm has spun
Through night's dark hour.

Where winter in his glee has run
With whelming power.

We have not here the heather hills,
Where muircocks cry in piercing thrills,
No yammeering curlew mocks our rills
With clamorous note,
By crystal streams that headlong spills
In glens remote.

But peace and plenty, hand in hand,
A glorious pair with aspect bland,
Sing happy days in voices grand
From shore to shore;
Till sweet contentment from our land
Shall part no more.

No suppliant tear, no cry of want,
No poverty with visage gaunt,
No plague spot vile, no vicious haunt,
Where villians thrive
And debauchees delirious rant
Or fiercely strive.

Canadian youth be thine the art
To think and play the manly part,
For perfection's self might start
At beauties form;
The dear idea of the heart
She takes by storm.

Here English, Irish, French and Scotch,
A mixtee, maxtie, queer hotch potch,
Are striving for the highest notch
In life's stern game;
Till faith some chiels can hardly hotch
With what's called fame.

A noble corps of Christian preachers,
Good, self-denying, earnest teachers,
Break heaven's bread among us creatures
In Zion's court;
Though here and there some sticket Beechers
Still hold the fort.

O holy word, thou gift divine,
Had I the power of all the nine,
To tell thy worth in every line,
My voice I'd raise;
And heart and soul I would combine
To sing thy praise.

We have state tinkers, civil gentry,
That frame our laws by double entry,
With one eye single for their country—
Patriot like;
The other glowering o'er her pantry,
For banes to pike.

The Tories long had watched the flesh pots,
And guzzling on exchequer oats,
Grew fat and sleek, with oily coats—
A well fed gang;

While Grits, like fresh weaned nanie goats,
Bleat loud and lang.

Until grown desperate on they drive,
And oust the greedy Tory hive;
Then at the sweets, Lord, see them strive
With ilka neive;
Till fairly gorged and like to rive
Damm haet they leave.

Oh, man, I sorely am annoyed
To see Canadians so decoyed
By patriots tooting far and wide
Their wee tin whistles,
That better far would been employed
In topping thistles.

I cannot say they are ill fellows,
Though sometimes cranky with the yellows,
When ballot boxes plainly tell us
They have respite,
Just for a time to ease their bellows
And set things right.

But see their henchmen, knaves and heelers,
Pluggers, huggers, ballot stealers;
A thuggish crew of perjured peelers,
A gang uncanny;
Wreckers of men, cold, heartless dealers,
In conscience money.

By these my dear adopted land,
Thou'rt humbled low who should command
Thy honor lost, at freemen's hand
And none to save;
Poor silly dupe, the pluggers band
Makes thee a slave.

Dear Canada, once lovely maid,
I mourn to see thee lowly laid;
Thy virgin purity betrayed,
Thy honor gone;
In garments soiled thou stand'st arrayed,
Weeping alone.

By him who died on Abram's plain,
By liberties brought forth in pain,
Shall freedom die for party gain—
Canadians, no!
Like British men—rise, break the chain
That galls thee so.

But, am distressing and should tell
Some too, three things about mysel',
And what mishanters has befell
Me since we parted,
When off to Canada I set sail
Maist broken hearted.

You kenned my weakness for the sex,
The sly bewitching dear coquets,
And how they often did me vex
With sore disdain;

But I for a' their cold neglects,
Aye tried again.

When headaches throb or trouble tease,
Or conscience may be ill at ease;
When brain and blood are in a blaze
From long debauch;
O, woman, none like thee can please
The sinking wretch.

All hail the sympathetic glow,
The twining arms, the tender throe;
The pure moist kiss, 'tis bliss to know
Are thine, dear woman;
For thee who dares not friend or foe
The fool's not human.

The beating heart, loves lingering kiss,
The swooning to intenser bliss,
When lips seal lips in warm caress
With thrilling power,
In one long draught of happiness—
O raptured hour.

May heaven guard each lovely dear,
To all a lover send sincere,
Whose warm affections, year by year,
Will be more blest;
Till in each other's arms they near
The place to rest.

Both ere and late for many a simmer,
I fought with fortune fickle limmer,
Until my eyes are growing dimmer
And still she flees me;
Or like a young coquettish kimmer,
She geeks and leaves me.

At the ingle side I sit and cower
And think on many an ill spent hour,
When folly smiling; fatal power
Still led me on,
Till joy's seducing cups turned sour—
Its sweetness gone.

But thanks to heaven am not starvin,
And some might say of nice observin,'
I have as much as am deservin'
Of carnal things;
Though God forgive me often swervin
Where folly rings.

My stock of faith I own is sma,'
Although in works I crousely craw,
Especially in great nature law
To multiply,
That high command I've kept through a'
Religiously.

In the house of praise, on heaven I wait,
With aspect grave, and reverence great,
And lay what bawbees on the plate
That I can spare;

While the wicked unregenerate
Look on and stare.

I've striven hard for many a day,
All gross desires to purge away,
Both een and morn, I watch and pray
With saintly air;
But faith old Adam whiles gets gay,
In spite of prayer.

Yet all unworthy as I am,
My life a sin polluted sham,
I hope in brighter mansions calm,
Some day to move;
With brother saints to chant a psalm,
O, faith of love.

So now, adieu, my canty chiel,
Long may your heart with holy zeal
Aye steer you past the muckle deil
And lowing brimstone;
A friend you have, both true and leel
In William Johnston.

INSTALLATION ODE S. O. S.

(Camp No. 32, St. Marys.)

Go bring them ben, and set them down,
The chosen ones that's in the hall;
With friendly hand and Doric tongue,
We give them welcome one and all.

The sacred sign, the mystic grip,
The word when we assembled are,
Though wandering in a foreign clime,
May cheer their hearts when distant far.

Dear Brotherhood, let hope and love,
Still on us wait as time shall run,
And calm affection grow with years,
Until life's weary task is done.

In other lands may fortune wait
Thy honest worth and edient hand;
May Scotland's faith still be thy guard
And all thy purpose still command.

Revere the thought of storied fields,
Where Scotland's Lion led the van;
For love of right and hate of wrong,
And freedom's gift for every man.

The land with no fond memories
Of sage and hero passed away,
To moral leprosy is doomed,
And marked with national decay.

The dauntless spirit of the hills,
  The love that beats the cottar's fire;
Go light them in Canadian vales—
  That sons may emulate their sires.

And you that in this circle stand,
  And Scotland's mystic symbols claim,
First swear in loyalty and love
  To stand by Scotland's honored name.

OLD BALLAD.

(From the Irish.)

The vesper bell again had tolled,
  The last good night to parting day,
And twilight's darker mantle rolled
  Round Monan's ivied turrets gray.

But deeper yet the shadows dark,
  Obscurely fall on Monan's pile;
Where liping waters faintly mark
  The strand that circles Monan's Isle.

No watch dog's voice, nor hooting owl—
  No neighing steed or warder's call,
Distracts that form in band and cowl,
  Who softly treads the gloomy hall.

They brought the candle, book and bell,
  Where Monan's Lord in anguish lay,

And slowly from his cheerless cell
The holy Abbott came to pray.

And thus he said, look on this sign,
The last dear hope for sin unshriven;
The holy rood and cross divine,
Accept and live the gift of heaven.

When passion heedless rushing on,
Steers manhood's life boat on the wave;
When folly boasts a golden crown,
The holy rood alone can save.

Despising admonition's voice,
The sagest counsel heedless spurn;
But cold experience comes at last—
Too late for hope, too soon to mourn.

My son for thee is mercy yet,
Though youth and folly did combine
To lure from honor's sacred path
The last of Monan's ancient line.

Thy childhood knew no mother's love—
Thy boyhood knew no promise given;
Thy manhood knew no noble act,
Thy dying hour no hope of heaven.

Accept my son the offered grace—
Jehovah take away thy sin;
How will you look on Jesus face
When thought of guilt still lurk within.

One hapless act may often lead
To long sad years of deep regret;
Youth oft is stained with many a deed
That age would willingly forget.

The balance sways towards the urn,
While time extends, you still are free—
To life to death, which way it turn,
Our holy church will plead for thee.

With eldritch voice at that still hour,
Which links the past and coming day,
They heard the Banshee in the tower
With dreary moaning pass away.

In Norman's tower go toll the bell,
With measured stroke and solemn tone;
And slowly sing a muffled knell,
The last of Monan's Lords is gone.

YE BALLAD OF YE OLDEN TIME.

(From the Scotch).

In yon fair isle beyond Argyle,
Where flocks and herds seem plenty;
There lived a rich squire, whose daughter fair
Was the flower of all that country.

A Knight, Sir Niel had wooed her long,
Intending soon to marry;

When a young Highland laird his suit preferred,
Who was handsome, brisk and airy.

Some lies of Niel to her brother came,
That he had boasted proudly
Of favors from that lady young,
Which made him vow thus rudly.

I swear by all our friendship past,
If I do see the morning,
That Knight or me shall breathe his last—
He shall know who is scorning.

To meet on the shore where the loud waves roar,
With a challenge I defy him.
Ere the sun was up the young men met—
Not a living creature nigh them.

What ails, said Niel, my brave Glen Gyle—
How have I thee offended ?
If aught amiss to thee I've done
I will own my fault and mend it.

My life, my all, you may command,
If baseness thou discover;
I've cherished as my dearest friend
And loved thee as a brother.

Is this thy boast, replied Glen Gyle,
Who would not now despise thee;

And if you still refuse to fight
I will like a dog chastise thee.

Then brave Sir Niel he drew his sword,
Intending not to harm him;
Three gentle wounds he did him pierce,
But never could disarm him.

In vain thy strife and studied art,
In vain thy boast to strike me;
There is not a man in all Scotland
Can wield the broadsword like me.

Again with young Glen Gyle he closed,
In mortal strife contended;
Till stumbling on his foeman's sword,
And death the quarrel ended.

Glen Gyle now raised his mournful eyes,
To see if none were nigh there,
And then he saw the young McVan—
Who like the wind came flying.

Am come too late to stop the strife,
But since thou art victorious,
I'll be revenged or lose my life—
My honor bids me do this.

The heath is broad, thy sword is keen,
Thy honor now defend it,
And like a man, stand for thy life,
Or like a coward end it.

O false McVan, fain would I flee
  Away, I know not whither;
Thy lies have slain the truest man
  That ever trod on Scottish heather.

While speaking thus he quit his guard—
  McVan in haste advanced,
And pierced the breast of young Glen Gyle
  Till the sword behind him glanced.

Down he fell and cries am slain,
  Adieu to all things earthly;
Adieu McVan, you gained the day;
  But O! you gained it basely!

When tidings came to Lady Ann,
  Time after time she fainted;
She ran and kissed their clay cold lips,
  And thus their fate lamented.

Farewell to thee, my brave Sir Niel—
  Farewell; alas! it is forever;
A nobler heart than your I ween
  There never trod on Scottish heather.

And brave Glen Gyle, thou too, art gone—
  My dear, my only brother;
For this, thy most untimely fate,
  I'll mourn till life is over.

McVan! O cruel, false and vile!
You never shall espouse me;
A maiden I'll remain, and earth
A maiden shall enclose me!

OLD BACHELORS.

You cranky old bachelors,
Hard hearted bachelors;
One thought on King Davie some courage might len,
For a his love rants,
He's the pick of the Saunts—
St. Peter aint in it with him as you ken.

You're dirty and tousie,
And often you're lousie—
There is no little feet ever enters your den;
You hae cramps in the stomach
With eating cauld drummock,
That would scunner the sow that grunts in the pen.

You sigh and you groan,
And you sleep all alone—
You tummel and toss till you wake up again;
Your sharp razor shins
Are like two crooked pins,
To such innocent stots, alas and amen.

Your house is aye cheerless,
Its comfortless, gearless—
  No bonny wee wife maks your heart
    a sten;
No sweet lassie or laddie
Cries tit-ta or daddy,
  Nor looks for your coming to welcome you
    ben.

He's a coward that fears
The sweet lovely dears—
  To tell all their beauty would baffle my
    pen;
So get some pretty creature
And a pass from the preacher,
  And the pleasures of earth will await on
    you then.

In a' holy writ,
Auld Solomon's wit,
  Was reckoned the brightest that nature
    could len;
Though to manage his flock,
By gosh was no joke—
  Still he's rated A1 among the wise men.

GLIDE ON WHITE SAILS.

Away like white sails on the deep,
  Where wild waves seeth on either side;
Rolling over depths unknown
  The restless waters of the tide.

Thus do mankind put out to seas,
  From mystery to mystery unknown;
Beating in dark uncertainty,
  By rugged rock and hidden stone.

A few there be with conscious strength
  And trumpet tongue that lead the way;
But sound and echo soon depart,
  Their compass gone, they drift away.

Some eager grasp the scroll of fame
  And fondly try, though seeming vain,
To write their names upon its page
  Before it can be closed again.

But time rolls on, the tide runs past
  The countless millions on the strand;
Some heaving clay, some beating air,
  Or building castles on the sand.

Which the next ripple washes out
  And leaves no trace of what has been.
We come in pain, we go in tears,
  With one last sigh we close the scene.

But after all we should not live
  Like specks of animated dust,
As libels on creative power,
  Or blots of mere corroding rust.

For things seem restless, men are mad
  For power, position, wealth they strain;
They dare the very arm of fate
  And heartless, soulless strive for gain.

Yet what a mockery of life,
  That we may ride, when all is told;
Down to the grave on rubber tires
  To sell our very souls for gold.

Who lived for gain and nothing more,
  Unloved, unhonored he shall fall;
A wretch despised he shall go down
  Without a tear shed o'er his pall.

O foolish, vain and sordid thought
  That happiness will flow from gain;
Wealth never blest a troubled heart,
  Nor satisfied a soul in pain.

It cannot stay the fleeting hours,
  Nor gather up the threads of time;
It cannot calm the beast that bears
  A conscience weeping over crime.

He lived in vain whose star has set
  And left no trace of light behind,

To mark his course along life's path—
No happy offering of the mind.

To help the poor old world on,
God knows it needs it, so men say;
Then stand aside with folded arms
And let it go as best it may.

Good men are oft despised and left
To live in scorn and cold neglect;
While humbug thrives in lordly halls,
Crowned with honor and respect.

But things will change as sure as fate,
And come it shall, though waiting long;
That worth, not wealth, shall be the gauge,
And plummet line of right and wrong.

MY BONNY WEE WIFE AND I.

I have a wife, a bonny wee wife,
To please me all her airts she'll try;
Come joy, come care, alike we share—
My bonny wee wife and I.

Though past our prime, we're gaily yet,
And happier still as years slip by;
In love's pure bliss, we cuddle and kiss—
My bonny wee wife and I.

Let others strive, and rug and rive,
For pleasure, in the sweet by and by;
We are happy and gay as the flowers of May,
My bonny wee wife and I.

A few can bask in Fortune's smile,
And toss their empty heads up high.
We need no wealth, but love and health—
My bonny wee wife and I.

Affections dear, love's sacred glow
No gold on earth can ever buy;
Where ere we roam, aye leads us home—
My bonny wee wife and I.

When the twilight comes, as come it will,
And pleasure's wells are all gone dry;
With hearts still bright, we'll welcome night,
My bonny wee wife and I.

CAPTING DOOLAN.

Of the mighty Captain Doolan these lines I will relate,
That boarded wid the Widdy Clancey at the bottom of the sthrate;
And how the twig he'd handle, at market, fair or show,
How he'd bate the dirty spalpeens, then trip them with his toe;
Just so.
We will never see his ekall no moe.

But if you'd see his glory take the middle of the fight,
His eyes like tallow candles, they sparkled with delight;
Twisting his sturdy blackthorn, among the boy s he'd go,
And like a gallant gentleman, knew neither friend nor foe;
No, no.
We will never see his ekall no moe.

His nose was slightly aqualine and ending in a knob,
Maintained a threatening attitude right afore his gob;
In whose capacious opening there stood as white as snow,
As purty a set of grinders as one would wish to grow;
Two row.
We will never see his ekall no moe.

His hair, it was the brightest red, and fringed his stately ears
And right above the apex there was nothing left for shears;
But the locks in front he pulled on top and fastened with a bow,
Which made a dacent covering where nothing else would grow;
So, so.
We will never see his ekall no moe.

His breeches were of corduroy and buttoned
at the knee,
And showed as nate a calf, my dear, as one
would wish to see;
While his swallow tail hung down behind,
the peeks were very low,
And its shining buttons were of brass, along
each side a row;
Below.
We will never see his ekall no moe.

The Capting to improve his health, was walk-
ing out one day,
Where the purty girls were a tossing up the
hay;
When he met the Widdy McWhirter a-walk-
ing very slow,
Enjoying the pleasant evening, as the sun
was getting low;
Hillo.
We shall never see his equal no moe.

McWhitter had been planted some twelve
or fourteen years,
The widdy had done him justice, in the way
of shedding tears;
So smiling on the Capting she curtesyed full
low,
And the Capting struck an angle of forty-
five or so;
Quite low.
We shall never see his equal no moe.

And faix to see the loving pair, they were a
charming sight,
As the Capting kissed her cherry lips in a
tremor of delight;
Go way you great big silly, she said, don't
tease me so;
May the Lord preserve the fountain from
which such blessings flow;
Ho, ho.
We shall never see his equal no moe.

And so by that same token the couple soon
were wed,
And right up to the altar the blushing fair
was led;
Now grant ye powers propitious hymenial joy
shall grow
Until the little cupids are standing in a
row;
O, O.
We shall never see his equal no moe.

MY WIFFIE.

Come near me with those loving eyes,
And rest thy tender hand in mine;
While happy days go fleeting by
Our hearts still closer shall entwine.
My wiffie.

Thy pure affection circling all,
  Knits up the ties that holds life dear;
And like the radiant sunshine, make
  The world brighter when you're near.
                My wiffie.

The full rose bending o'er its stem,
  The daisy sparkling on the lea;
The fairest lily of the vale
  In beauty, can't compare with thee.
                My. wiffie.

Thy dark eyes glow with love's pure light,
  Yet not unknown to tears and pain,
For thy dear heart unwearied waits
  The woes of others to restrain.
                My wiffie.

If fate unkind should be my lot,
  And life's dull round be full of care;
Thy gentle spirit like a spell,
  Makes all my burdens light to bear.
                My wiffie.

Then I will kiss thy lips once more,
  And strain thee closer to my breast;
There watching thee I will remain,
  While thou sleep on, and take thy rest.
                My wiffie.

A WINTER NIGHT.

The night is dark, the teeming clouds
  Across the sky are flying fast,
And wilder through the leafless woods
  The winter storms rise on the blast.

The passing gust beats on the door
  And through the keyholes narrow round
The hoarse winds pipe a soft encore
  To eldrich howl or wailing sound.

From crag to crag down mountain rifts
  The driving snows sweep o'er the plain,
And scattered flocks creep through the drifts
  For sheltered coverts seek in vain.

Ye helpless birds on weary wings,
  Where did you fly at evening's close
This night, wee hapless, homeless things
  Where will you rest or find repose ?

Does instinct point a sheltered spot
  Where thou can bide this fury past?
Life seems to wait some innate power,
  That all a refuge finds at last.

Alas; for you, tossed on the waves
  Of waters wild, what hope have ye
With riven sail and straining mast,
  The breakers moaning on thy lee.

Look up aloft, steer through the gloom,
  Fear not old ocean's dismal roar,
Nor distant dash, nor hollow boom—
  Like minute guns that sweep the shore.

Fear not I say, though fate may stand
  On seething waves to strike thee down;
If 'tis thy hour, can thou command—
  If not, give thanks for mercy shown.

The gleaming flash, the riven rock,
  The dark abyss, where planets roll;
The whelming flood, the earthquake shock,
  The awful mystery of the soul.

Thou boundest these, all things are thine;
  They wax or wane, they rise or fall
At thy command; dread power divine—
  The first, the last, the soul of all.

THE JEWEL INDEPENDENCE.

Should fortune frown or foes increase
And life's long battle know no peace,
Give me to wear upon my breast
The object of my early quest.
Undimmed, unsullied, unrestrained,
The talisman I sought and gained—
  The Jewel Independence.

Transport me to Elysian glades,
The love of Andalusian maids;
Without satiety to know,
And vigor unrestricted grow.
I'd spurn them like a lepers' pen;
Crush them to earth if to attain
The Jewel Independence.

Though false friends give me cups of gall,
Or she, who dearer is than all,
Betray me. Take this earth's rewards,
Make me the scoff of ribald bards;
Despise, defame, my fortunes kill,
Yet leave, and I'll be happy still—
The Jewel Independence.

Destroy in me the joy of sense,
Mock me with cruel, false pretence;
Tie me down to a galley oar,
Cast me on a barren shore;
Slay me, but write upon my bier:
Here lieth one who held most dear—
The Jewel Independence.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Again thou returnest,
O gloomy December,
In a garment of white
Thou dost usher the day.
At thy dreary presence,

Bleak child of November,
The beauties of Autumn
Are all faded away.

No blyth voice to cheer thee,
No gay flowers to greet thee
At the wail of thy wild winds
They have dropped from the stem.
Sweet gems of the Summer,
The storms that hath beat thee
And laid low the bright leaves,
Has strewn thee with them.

And yet, as I view thee,
O gloomy December,
In thy tempests and storms
Sweeping over the sky;
Thy snows softly falling
In wreaths round my chamber,
Like the rainbow will vanish
For all seasons shall die.

When the north winds have gone,
The sun in his brightness,
And Spring wreathed in blossoms
Shall dance over the plain;
Then gladsome the woodlark,
In cold winter, voiceless
Shall sing to the sweet flowers
In their glory again.

LINES AT THE GRAVE OF AN OLD FRIEND.

(The late A. M. Driver.)

A stranger now, beside this grassy mound
I sadly pay the tribute of a tear;
Thou wer't faithful in all life's weary round;
A good and honest man reposeth here.

—

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Ye living men that pass this way,
Rest on this grave thy bended knee;
He was as thou, a thing of clay,
As he is now, so thou shalt be.

DREAMLAND REFLECTIONS.

No lonely star at closing day,
Shines in the lift with glistening eye;
But heavy clouds are driving fast,
In sleety folds across the sky.

In fitful gusts the hollow winds,
Around the trembling roof tree moans;
Then sweep across the treeless waste
In dreary dismal monotones.

I thought of you, O humble train,
  Poor creatures crouching round the hearth;
Still clasping oft your shivering hands—
  Cold, cold with winter's icy breath.

The gay and thoughtless pass you by,
  O helpless poor, who thinks of thee?
One only refuge thou hast left—
  To die, and from thy sorrows flee.

Then back to earth return again,
  For thou art only useless clay;
And be with kings and conquerors—
  A wretched feast for foul decay.

Why should distress still be thy lot,
  From morning hour till setting sun;
Has heaven naught for thee but woe,
  Until your weary task is done?

Yet thou art human, and the tide
  That fills thy veins is such as ran
Through Adam's frame, and so through all,
  Since life and love and death began.

But here a shape rose from the floor,
  In stature high, in aspect meek;
A laurel round his brow he wore,
  And furrowed was his aged cheek.

Bright rays of peace shine from his face,
And from his eyes there seemed to fall
A sympathy, whose ample bounds
Encircled and enveloped all.

Work, work today, the phantom cried—
Tomorrow may not come to you;
Nor wait the hour of high emprize,
But do what's nearest thee to do.

In all thou dost first be sincere,
For good to all still bravely stand,
And thou shall gather golden sheaves,
While joy shall pipe at thy command.

If love of gain should lead thee on
Till honor blushes at the wrong;
Thy conscience, with avenging arm
Will strike thee, though delaying long.

Environed by their little selves,
With high conceit some look abroad,
And blind as bats in thought and act,
Impugn the majesty of God.

Presumption proud in folly's garb,
With puny efforts tries to bind
That great infinite, boundless power,
In limits of finite mind.

Men grappling with the vast unknown
Bring from its depths undying fame,

As new embodiments of thought,
  Which gives the world a higher aim.

Yet progress is accursed that gives,
  Her choicest gifts to swell the store,
Of gold to gold, and gives the husks
  In mockery to the friendless poor.

What is your life—a thing unknown,
  A journey outlined at your birth.
One carves a scroll upon a stone—
  One digs for roots among the earth.

Some high within fame's temple stand,
  Proud obelisks proclaim their fame;
While thousands in their madness strained
  To save a while a tyrant's name.

But O! the millions that are born
  To want, to woe, to deep distress;
Who leave no trace but fruitless tears,
  In marching on to nothingness.

What then is fame—a toy of time,
  A froth that breaks and disappears;
As life's great ocean rolls amain,
  Youth laughs, men toil, then pass away
    in tears.

He has not lived, that lived for gold,
  Whose greedy soul knew but to plan;
For cent, per cent, yet spurned that art,
  That builds the brotherhood of man.

O self! that sordid soul of thine
  Kills all affection at its root;
For evermore still crying give,
  In gratitude for ever mate.

Men's days are rounded by a night,
  And pleasure's but the core of sorrow;
The joy that fills your breast to-day
  May sere and burn like fire to-morrow.

Then who is greatest, prince or peer;
  The ermine robe or fustian vest?
Since birth and place are God's decree,
  'Tis he that does his duty best.

At length there came a wilder gust,
  Crazing the doors and windows, seeming.
I raised my hand, the seer was gone;
  Lo! I found I had been dreaming.

HIM THAT'S AWA'.

Oh ye who tread auld Coila's lanes,
Lilt on her hills or till her plains,
Wha love her soul inspiring strains,
  Big tears let fall;
For weel he's worthy of your pains—
  Him that's awa'.

Among the cantie jovial crew
His friendship aye was pure and true,
And cold deceit he never knew,
  Among you a;

Aye happy with the happy few—
Him that's awa'.

When winter nights are cold and lang
And pleughs are fast in winter's fang,
Wha noo will lead the social gang;
Wi' droll guffa';
He aye was first among the thrang—
Him that's awa'.

Lament him long you dainty queens,
Hafflins stepping through your teens,
God knows his heart sair tae yae leans,
He liked you a';
He was your servant, best o' friens—
Him that's awa'.

Where bonnie Ayr rins to the sea,
And modest gowans deck the lea,
Where birdies sang in ilka tree,
In glen and shaw;
He daunnered oft in mickle glee—
Him that's awa'.

He saw thee glide with toddling din
On round a pool in eddies swim;
Then roaring our a rocky lin,
Loud dashing faa;
Where oft he ploutered tae the chin—
Him that's awa'.

And wandering there he wist to scan
In nature's work, life's mystic plan;

While all her glorious gifts to man
His thoughts would draw;
He aye put love first in the van—
Him that's awa'.

When autumn winds wave yellow corn,
And heather bells the hills adorn;
Where corncraiks scream at early morn,
He left them a';
Stern fate away from a has torn—
Him that's awa'.

He'll never be what he has been,
Nor see the days that he has seen,
Nor gang the gates he gaed at e'en,
In rain or snaw;
To meet a lassie or a frien'—
Him that's awa'.

Old Coila's hills he'll tread no more,
Nae mair he'll rout at fair or splore;
He's off and ta'en some other shore,
And left us a';
May fortune give him health and store—
That's far awa'.

THE CURSE OF JEHOVAH.

"The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be described in a few words —mountains without shade and valleys without water—the earth without verdure—rocks without grandeur. Here and there a few blocks of grey stone start up out of the dry and fissured earth, between which, beneath the shade of an old fig tree a gazelle or a hyena are occasionally seen. Rarely is a breath of air heard to murmur among the branches of the aged olives; not a bird sings, not an insect chirps among the waterless furrows. Silence reigns universal, in the city, in the roads, in the fields. Jerusalem, to which the world hastens to visit a sepulchre is itself a vast tomb of people, but it is a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments, of which they have broken the grave stones, and the ashes of which appear to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence and sterility."—Lamartine.

Jehovah, the Lord, omnipotent reigns,
Proud Judah is smitten, deserted her plains;
The beauty of Caanan is withered and gone,
Like the roses of Sharon when winter has
flown.

Like a jowl, desolation in palace and hall,
Laughs loud in her power as she holds carnival;

The grim shade of ruin in triumph arrayed,
In mockery lies where Messiah was laid.

Woe, woe to Chorazin, thy fate to deplore,
The stranger that cometh shall find thee no more;
For the hand of the spoiler has striven in wrath—
All is ruin and wreck that lies in your path.

Where now is the spot where Bethsaida hath stood?
Go ask the waters of Galilee's flood,
In storm or in calm this answer they bring;
Bethsaida hath perished, she knew not the King.

Gethsemane's walls are ruined and gone,
The lizard reclines on the moss covered stone,
And the nettles and briers a covert has made
Where the adder in safety may brood in the shade.

Weep; O Jerusalem! where are thy thrones?
Thou killed the prophets and stoned them with stones;
Proud city of David thou art humbled in dust,
Thy ark and thy vessels of gold are as rust.

In the holy of holies, the place of thy God,
Foul beggars and thieves now make their abode;

Pollution is now where the Cherubims stood,
And the altars of fire are quenched with thy blood.

Thy streets are corruption where pestilence waves,
Thy young men are cowards, thy old men are slaves;
Thy maidens polluted, their hearts reconcile
To the love of the basest, the brutal and vile.

Beautiful Ariel, thou art under the rod,
Thou hast suffered and sank 'neath the vengeance of God;
Thy bosom is ravished, thy majesty gone,
That once in thy glory stood matchless alone.

The wolves make their lair where thy shepherds abode,
As they piped to their flocks on the mountains of Moab;
Thou art a land without verdure, a home without mirth,
Thy name a reproach to the nations of earth.

But the promise shall stand. In the fullness of time
Shall Judah return from earth's farthest clime;
In glory triumphant, glad tidings she'll bring
To the might of Jehovah, new songs shall they sing.

All hail to the Son, everlasting his throne,
Proclaim it ye heavens his glory hath shown;
Rejoice, ye redeemed, lift your voice in the strain,
And chant with the angels — He cometh again.

Hosanna, Hosanna, the desert shall sing;
Hosanna, Hosanna, here cometh the King.
Strike up the psalter, tune the harp in accord
Prepare ye the way for the feet of the Lord.

TO THE AWFUL GOOD.

Since time began in every age
Have sects and dogma fiercely striven,
To lash poor souls with fear of hell
And scourge them bleeding into heaven.

Mankind are mad for creeds that sell,
Cheap tickets straight on to salvation,
That check 'em through in palace cars—
Choice selects for regeneration.

Some chosen saints roll up their eyes,
In grace abounding rant and roar;
Fine specialists, whose hook and line
Land souls like cod fish by the score.

So armed with goodly texts they go
To hunt up new recruits for heaven;
While Satan from the suckling saints
Rakes off enough to keep him livin'.

Here me awhile, ye awful good,
  Your choicest texts select and read them;
Then try your samples on yourselves—
  The wicked say you sorely need them.

Save for some carnal low desires,
  You stand a living pure example;
To show the power of saving grace,
  The cunning carved work in the temple.

Long dwellers in the tents of sin,
  The promised land you now enherit;
On Zion's hill in pastures green,
  Like bulls of Bashan roar with spirit.

Meek swingers of the gospel club,
  Your motives hide from sly inspection;
And ladle thin salvation out,
  Proportioned to the free collection.

Let such apostles come and go,
  Or creeds go totter to their fall;
For God is God, and right is right,
  And love alone shall conquer all.

Soon may it come, as come it shall,
  That hell poor creatures won't distress,
The gift of life he understood,
  And man his brother won't oppress.

O happy day when sect and creed,
  The good of all shall first regard;
Then heaven's blessing surely will
  Be thy sure portion and reward.

AULD SCOTLAND'S DISTRESS.

The following is an extract from a petition circulated in this County a few years ago, and signed by almost every Scotchman, protesting against English Imperialism in the use of the word "England:"

We beg most respectfully to point out to your Most Gracious Majesty that this general and continuous terms of "England" and "English" in an Imperial sense is a direct aggression on the national honor of Scotland, and is extremely irritating and annoying to all Scotsmen who have regard for the honor of their country. For such usage implies that Scotland is part of, or is simply a province of England. We need hardly point out to your Majesty how utterly erroneous is this view of the Scottish national character—for the history of Scotland under your royal ancestors has proved again and again that there is no nation in Europe which has made greater sacrifices to uphold its national honor. For nearly 300 years our ancestors were content that the richest part of Scotland should be made, and should continue to remain, a waste rather than Scotland should run the risk of being made subject to the domination of England. We claim that our country is entitled to share with

the other nationalities of the United Kingdom, in the glory that accrues to the British Empire; and that such should not be monopolised by England.—Petition to the Queen.

—

Dear old Land, when I forsake thee,
May ruin ride rough shod o'er me;
My heart be cold as death can make it
When it does not warm to thee.

Frae Gaspe's ower to Eskimo,
Dear brother Scots shed tears of woe,
Auld Scotland granes in death's last throe,
Good Lord defend her!
She ne'er got sic a ding I trow
Since I hae kenned her.

She staggers like a sturdy sheep,
She's pinin' like an auld peesweep,
Her head's maist like a fossy neep,
She's downright stupit;
Ane scarcely hears her gie a cheep—
She's grown sae roupet.

Thae feckless loons besouth the Tweed,
Hae gien her honor sic a screed,
An clad her sons in mournin' weed,
Wi' grief they're blin';
I fear they'll maybe be her deid,
Or a' be din.

Its England this, and England that,
Its England aye that skims the fat,

While puir auld Scotland boils the pat
And kills the mairt;
An's counted but a bastard brat;
That breaks her heart.

Scotland, I'm proud tae ca' ye mither,
—What gallant lads come frae the heather—
For Britain's name and frame, thegither
Our swords we drew;
But Britain's name seems gane forever—
It's England noo.

Auld Johnny Bull's a dainty chiel,
Though ance cantankerous as the diel;
We've been to ither true and leal
Since Ann was Queen;
But when auld Scotland's fame he'd steal
He's no a frien.

We've marched thegither side by side,
Where many a noble heart has bled;
On sair fought fields their dearest tide
Red gushing ran,
Where Scotland's lion borne wi' pride
Aye led the van.

We've gien him Kings, we've gien him laws,
We've helpet in St. Stephen's wa's,
For Britain's rights and Britain's cause
We laughed at blows;
And at them tighter wi' the tawse
That were her foes.

The muckle stane o' ancient Scone,
Where dousley Scotland's kings sat doune
An on their pows got Scotland's croune,
And sacred oil;
He carred aff to Lunen toune
Wi' ither spoil.

Now Johnny Bull take ye guide care,
Don't stroke her hard against the hair;
Your safer far to speak her fair,
She's sic a jad;
For by the Lord she's ill to scare
When she gets mad.

Sae mind ye dinna pit her till't,
Nor fumble roune her tartan kilt;
"She'll rin her whittle tae the hilt,"
I' the first she meets;
And some good bluid there may be spilt
Ere she retreats.

She kens amid her moorland hills,
Where brackens waive ower mossy rills
How auld tradition lives, and fills
Her swelling veins;
The blood that wins what honor wills,
She yet retains.

There is ae spot on earth's green sod,
Where conquering feet have never trod,
Where freedom found a blest abode
Mang Scottish moors;
There she'll remain by help of God
And Scotch claymores.

Sae I hae signed this grand petition
An' hope an' trust the State physician
May mak' O' Scotland's sad condition
A diagnosis;
An put her honor in position
Ere a towmond closes.

A MAN'S FREENS.

He liveth best a jolly life
That laughs at all its greed and strife,
Who helps a freen or takes his part
With open hand or open heart;
But keeps a nest egg for himsel'
And hates deception worse than hell;
Who works and wins by honest means,
His list will aye be full of freens.

The trader freen with manner bland
Smiles awful nice and grasps your hand;
How do you do, the family's well—
Maun you're looking graun yoursel';
And just in luck I well may say
Our slaughter sale begins to-day;
The prices—pshaw, they're knocked out clean,
He's a lovely chiel, the merchant freen.

The farmer freen looks glum and slow,
He grunts and groans at prices low;
You see, he's worn right off his feet
By honesty, to make ends meet;

Of taxes, tithes, he groans and whines—
Collectors, agents, cursed combines;
Before he get through all their screens,
Poor chap—there's nothing left for freens.

Your doctor freen with his d——d doses,
Pulls out your tongue for a diagnosis;
Takes hame a sample of your water,
And straightway tells you what's the matter;
In spite of all protests and pains
Claps scorching blisters on your banes.
Of course, you die; but don't compleen,
For that's the way he treats a freen.

Your legal freen that kens the laws,
Will hunt all h——ll to find a cause;
Analagous to your opponent's case,
That's where he gangs for means of grace;
It's handy there the bar to greet
And in their father's house to meet;
Then clients all are picket clean
To pay for wind of a legal freen.

The awful good with saintly air,
Would grab the earth and pay't with prayer,
Whose gospel truths are mostly noise—
True holliness a canting voice;
While thirsting flocks on Zion's hills
Stray off and drink at muddy rills;
Salvation canned like pork and beans,
They sell for cash to foes and freens.

But here I'll stop and rhyme no more—
The learned will call me such a bore;
Resolved, he is a friend indeed
Who helps you in your time of need.
Though sordid mortals plot and plan
To make you ought but an honest man;
Yet keeps his faith through foul or fair,
And though you fall will love you mair.

But if your wise you need not crouch,
In youth get something in your pouch;
When hoary age and aches convene,
The cash is aye a handy freen.
Let senseless pride, the people's curse,
Never untie your hard won purse;
With a snod wee wife and cantie freen
You'll have more bliss than any king.

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER THAT PAYS IN ADVANCE.

Whose barns are full of grain and hay,
Who's happier still from day to day;
And every night goes to the play—
The very latest, straight from France.
Whose hogs are fattest in the yard,
From tail to snout a chunk of lard;
Whose cattle gets the first award—
The steady subscriber that pays in advance.

Who gets elected right along,
Who at the council good and strong

Can whoop her up be't right or wrong—
Always on deck for every chance.
Who gets the shekels every turn,
Who has cash in barrels for to burn;
For bailiffs doesn't care a darn—
The steady subscriber that pays in advance.

Who can kiss the pretty girls,
With rosy lips and golden curls
And teeth like double rows of pearls,
And slyly gets the stolen glance;
Who gets amid this world's strife,
The sweetest little ducky wife
To love him dearly as her life—
The steady subscriber that pays in advance.

Who gets the best puff in the paper,
Who brings a ham and mealy tater
To the editor to see him caper,
And skip around and prance ?
Who lords it round right up-to-date,
Naught chalked against him on the slate;
Who guards the contribution plate ?
The steady subscriber that pays in advance.

Who when he comes to heaven's gate,
Meets good St. Peter clad in stat
His whiskers combed out good and straight
And through his eye glass looks askance?
Then strokes his beard and looking gay,
Lord man, he says, come right this way;
Gaes your hand hoos a wae yae; say
The steady subscriber that pays in advance.

Good gentlemen, he kindly says,
My choir will now their voices raise,
While Dougall on his Chanter plays
Some guide strathspey or country dance;
Bring on the best jim dandy gown,
The latest style of golden crown;
Look up the sweetest harp in town,
For the steady subscriber that pays in advance.

Here take my keys, my power and grace,
My sword of office, crown and mace.
By gosh, I now resign my place,
To the steady subscriber that pays in advance.

HIGHLAND MARY CAMP S. O. S.

The persons referred to were officers in the camp and were: 1st, W. Johnston, chief, (the author); 2nd, Donald McCrae, chieftain; 3rd, George Sutherland, secretary; 4th, George Johnston, treasurer; 5th, the late Dr. Irving, physician; 6th, Rev. Alexander Grant, chaplin; 7th, David Crosbie, marshall; 8th, Stewart Campbell, standard bearer; 9th, Bobbie Wee, the late Robert Reed, P. C.

Chief Willie, Chief Willie!
You're a canty auld billy;
And Satan lang tried to sift you like wheat.

Though of grace you be scant,
You'd make a fair saunt—
St. Peter and you would look awful sweet.
Chief Willie!
St. Peter and you would look awful sweet!

Chieftain Mac, Chieftain Mac!
When you're laid on your back,
And the angels expect you along on next mail;
You may laugh at the diel,
For with Grant at your heel,
He'll run off like a dog with a tin at his tail.
Chieftain Mac!
He'll run off like a dog with a tin at his tail.

Chaplin Grant, Chaplin Grant!
If the Lord wants a saunt
To stand by the chair of St. Peter in State,
You would honor the place,
While some claiming more grace,
Will be roaring like nowte at the gate.
Chaplin Grant!
Will be roaring like a nowte at the gate.

Geordie Scribe, Geordie Scribe!
Proclaim far and wide,
To the sons of the heather write a' man;
That if manhood and worth
They look for't on earth,

They'll find it in Camp Thirty-Twa, man.
Geordie Scribe!
They'll find it in Camp Thirty-twa, man.

Geordie Chink, Geordie Chink!
You ne'er give a wink,
When you give the bawbees your attention.
If the brothers but lag,
To fling down the swag,
You can shore them with hell or suspension.
Geordie Chink!
You can shore them with hell or suspension.

Irving Doc, Irving Doc!
You gae death a sair knock,
With your bottles and whuttles you scared him awa'.
You packed of his nibs
With his auld gizzend ribs—
You are guard and protector of camp thirty twa.
Irving Doc!
You are guard and protector of camp thirty twa.

Davie Mort, Davie Mort!
You are gleg at the sport,
If you're hunting the woods for a tod;
When a drap you enjoy
Of the pure Dan McCoy—

Dull care soon makes tracks for the road.
Davie Mort!
Dull care soon makes tracks for the road.

Bobbie Wee, Bobbie Wee!
We all will agree,
You were scrimpet gae sair at creation;
But nature was kind—
She gave you a mind
And a soul big enough for a nation.
Bobbie Wee!
And a soul big enough for a nation.

Stewart Fie, Stewart Fie!
Fling your standard on high,
And we will vow on the book, by the kirk and the steeple,
To stand by the fame
Of auld Scotland's name,
By the hills and the glens and the people.
Stewart Fie!
By the hills and the glens and the people.

Scotia's sons, Scotia's sons!
There are some helpless ones,
That pine at the hearth of the abject and poor;
We have something to spare,
So we'll make them our care—
There is aye a cold draft round poverty's door.
Scotia's Sons!

There is aye a cold draft round poverty's door.

Thirty-twa, Thirty-twa!
Lyart heads may you claw,
And enjoy a wee drap o' the joram;
In the land o' the leal,
Maist mighty you'll feel,
When the pipers strike up Tullygorhum.
Thirty-twa!
When the pipers strike up Tullygorhum.

MARY O'DAY.

She is bright as a fairy,
Lips ripe as a cherry—
With light springing footsteps she trips o'er the way.
She is fairy than ony,
She is modest and bonny—
There are few in St. Marys like Mary O'Day.

Should false hopes deceive me
Or fortune ere grieve me;
Should confidence fail me or false friends betray,
I would still have a treasure
Away beyond measure,
In the true, loyal bosom of Mary O'Day.

What's glory and fame,
But luck in life's game—
  The applause of the crowd may but last
    for a day;
Far prouder I'd be,
Fair sweetheart with thee,
  And the hand clasped in mine of dear
    Mary O'Day.

A NOTED EUCHRE PLAYER.

To Davie Crosby, a dear friend of the author and a noted euchre player, who was suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

Auld Satan heard Davie
Was near dead with the spavie,
  So to pick up the fragments he came at
    full drive;
Says Dave, dinna flurry,
What the diels a' your hurry—
  Sit down and I'll play you the best three
    in five.

Play fair, then said Nickie,
I've heard you were trickie;
  Your another, says Dave; I'll bet you a
    nickel,
If you ken when you're well
Make tracks straight to hell.
  You mind you were trimmed to a peak by
    auld Michael.

I'll call you a hack,
And start away back;
  You'll howl if the dogs get a grip on your tail.
Maun throw't o'er your shouther,
Out the way altogether,
  Or maybe the boys might tie 't to a rail.

Thanks, Davie, says Clootie,
Taking you was my duty;
  But am sorry to see you confined to your bed.
Man, I hope you get weel,
For am no a bad diel—
  'Am damned if I'll e'er touch a hair on your head.

A FRAGMENT.

While maidens will to love incline,
  While zealots make their calling sure;
For love of gain while men combine,
  May God protect the friendless poor.

Then let us try to stay distress,
  And do it, too, with hand and heart;
Stand up like honest men for good,
  Although we play a humble part.

Improve the hours that come and go,
  Contented with such happiness
As fate designed is best for us—
  Left to ourselves it might be less.

It would be sad at life's last hour
To look back o'er the book of time,
And find your record on its page
All marked with folly or with crime.

Our youthful days oft sows the seed
That blossom long with deep regret;
And manhood's strength is stained with deeds
That riper years would fain forget.

What's done is done for weel or woe—
Effects alone will still remain;
The water that has turned the wheel
Will not return and pass again.

ST. MARYS' LASSES.

St. Marys for lasses
No town surpasses;
The dear little creatures are modest and braw.
For perfection itself,
That sweet little elf,
My pretty Miss Walden is fairest of a'.

Like some dear remembrance,
Her eyes while they tender glance,
Can solace my bosom and drive away care.
Of the best gifts of heaven
To humanity given,
If I had Miss Walden I would ask for nae mair.

BANNOCKBURN.

To the memory of those Scottish men who were slain at Bannockburn in the struggle for Scottish freedom this poem is inscribed.

Know ye the land where purple heather waves
And foaming waters leap the mountain side;
Then creeping softly by the grassy graves,
Which mark where heroes fought and heroes died;
Historic land of cloud capped peaks that hide
Above the mists that wrap the solitude,
Where winding streams on mossy moorlands glide,
And nibbling flocks yet stray in pastures good,
Round hut or ancient hall that long hath time withstood.

Land of my birthlong years have passed away
And changing time on all has set its seal;
But thy eternal hills and mountains grey,
Yet stand unscaithed by times unspairing wheel.
Men come and go, but Scottish hearts still feel
In Bannockburn a proud remembrance;
When arm to arm, with targe and flashing steel,
For Scotland every man, their ranks advance
And swept down England's host as sweeps an avalanche.

That Edward, boastful, urged the cruel war
O'er all that mountain land rang like a knell,
While Scotland's chivalry, from glens afar,
Threw back defiance, wild as ocean's swell.
To victory now, to glory those who fell,
Like sickled grain when harvest time has past
To rise no more, but go proud England tell
That Scotland's sons were e'er their lot is cast,
Will fight for Scotland's hills till life itself is past.

Gather, gather, ye whose hearts of fire,
Shall dare to battle England's haughty lord,
For in thy pathless wilds both son and sire
Hath sworn defiance on the bloody sword;
When hearts were linked, and hands with one accord
Clasped other hands that foeman ne'er denied.
Let freemen's rights to freemen be restored,
For Scottish arms shall stem oppression's tide
When England's noblest blood, her mountain streams have died.

They heard the slogan sounding like a bell,
Sweep wild and high through dreary pass and glen;
While echoes answered like a dismal wail,
That rose and fell, then swelling oft again
Like desert winds that hoarsely piping, when
Swift as the bounding roe in eager flight,

From distant solitudes and lonely fen
They come, they come, for Scotland and the right,
The bravest of her men, the flower of Scotland's might.

There is a pain in last farewells which sears
A woe too deep for utterance in sighs;
While dark forebodings squeeze the breast that hears
Sad voiced adieus, whispered in agonies,
Though hope itself may die 'mid tears and cries,
Love will survive on recollection bloom,
Though hearts grow old, albeit there are ties
That link to other hearts beyond the tomb
By sacred memories, that time does not consume.

There's mystery hid in life's unwritten scroll,
There's magic in the clasp of some dear hand
And there are thoughts that move the ardent soul
To scale the heights where love holds high command;
Alas! that joy should be like ocean's sand
Heaped on the shore, then gone without a trace,
Beneath the foam, along the wave swept strand;
Where waters roll in mad tumultuous race,

That mount and fall again, ere one can point
the place.

Light up the beacons, where the rocky head-
lands part
And angry waves in frothing madness ride.
Let the fiery cross o'er dreary moorlands
dart,
Away with speed by vale and mountain side;
What boots the sigh of mother, maid or
bride,
Or breaking hearts, or unavailing tears;
The wretched still have hope, perhaps the
tide
Will bring back happier days, and calmer
years,
Till life's battered shield is done and death
itself appears.

They would be free, and stood as freemen
stand;
For Scotland's sake they fell, as falls the
brave,
hut or hall, through all that mountain
land
No Scot was ever born to be a slave;
Unblenched the check that fearless saw the
grave,
Cold on desert waste or moorland corrie,
Where wild winds pipe across the rock bound
wave
As if they sang the song of Scotland's story,

For as the cloud capped hills, enduring is
her glory.

The bright light that illumes the hero's breast
Still lead them onward to the bitter end,
And like an eagle sweeping from her nest,
With England's ranks the Scottish banners
blend,
And the wierd cry as rank to rank extend,
Rose like a coronach along the field,
And wilder fury to their arms did lend,
As man and horse in dire confusion reeled,
Where grappling foemen strained, disdaining
each to yield.

Brave were the hearts who saw the opening
morn'
Fling wreaths of gold across old Scotland's
hills;
A glorious dawn on heaven's dome was borne.
Glassing itself along the mountain rills,
From rock to rock whose babbling water
spills
In one unceasing dash, and yet behold,
Ere yet again the shades of evening fills
Bright heaven's arch, O many hearts were
cold—
Their souls from sin unshriven, their ori-
sons untold.

No sculptured dome looms o'er the hallowed
spot,

Where they were laid in everlasting sleep;
No marble stone to mark the sacred plot,
Where shades of Scotland's heroes vigils keep,
As years roll on, with cold, resistless sweep,
The might of Empires crushing in their round.
Till heaven shall a shrouded harvest reap,
From princely sepulchre, from grassy mound,
Then earth shall yield again the sacred dust it bound.

Now let the sun of peace forever shine,
The rose of freedom bloom by every sea,
Though Briton's arms, around us now entwine,
They were not so till once that we were free;
May freemen's hands still water freedom's tree,
Until its leaves shall canopy the world,
And bending low a safe retreat shall be
To all oppressed, while tyrants down are hurled,
Britannia's flag shall wave and ever be unfurled.

May love be all in all, in every clime—
Let all men rejoice, swelling love's sweet song;
Theme of the everlasting One. Sublime
Essence of all good, ye heavenly throng;

Praise ye his name, to whom earth does belong,
That every living thing shall sing with mirth,
And never more shall tears be shed for wrong.
O, haste Almighty Power to give it birth—
The brotherhood of man, to reign throughout the earth.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

O Lord, we thank Thee for this meat,
Our wants hath satisfied;
But not by carnal things alone
Can we be glorified.
Let Donal put the speerit doune—
We'll thankfully receive it;
And thus refresh our thirsty souls,
Wae a portion of Glenlivet.

Canadians, rejoice, rejoice!
Fling oot your blash o' water;
Wha's like oor sell's, tak aff your glass
And fill another calker;
And grant we be exalted still,
And greater heights attain;
Fine samples all of saving grace—
Here's tae yae lads, amen, amen.

ON WEE WILLIE.

So poor wee Willie's gane awa',
The greedy bodie's got his days in;
On him auld Gabriel need na ca—
The creature is not worth the raisin'.

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

O many lang, lang years
We spent as pioneers,
Where the yelling of the wolverine
Filled all our hearts with fears,
And its gleaming savage 'een,
Twixt the shanty logs were seen,
As we listened to its howls till the morning.

I mind the leel hearts there,
That all they had would share,
And acting still a neighbor's part,

Your burdens help to bear.
If sorrow was your lot,
True hearts that faileth not,
Kept watch in your stead till the morning.

We left the heather hills,
Their bonny glens and rills,
Where laverocks to the mountain shades
Their morning love note thrills;
We came across the sea,
For we were young and free,
And happy are the hopes of life's morning.

The days that seemed sae lang,
New cares and trials brang,
And while to cheer our weary hearts,
The auld home sangs we sang;
But memories of the past
Our bosoms filled at last,
While our tears fell like dew drops in the
morning.

Then thought flew back again
To the mountain and the glen,
Where we severed all the dearest ties
The soul could ever ken;
And we heard the linties' sang,
The leafy shades amang,
In its lilt to the bright sunny morning.

But youth slips fast away,
We canna live for aye;

While time still brings its ups and downs—
New cares for every day;
Whatever did befall
We struggled through it all,
Nor forgot joy might come in the morning.

The pioneers are gane,
The few that still remain
Live in the memory of the scenes,
Never to come again;
And we must follow on
Where old friends long have gone—
There to rest till the call in the morning.

THE AUTHOR'S PRAYER.

Give me love's sympathetic glow—
  A heart to feel for human ill;
And give me aye one faithful friend—
  One fond sweetheart to love at will.
A conscience free from all deceit—
  Ambition to excel the best;
With health to ware then diel may care—
  The gripping fools can take the rest.

ON A GOSSIPING WOMAN.

O death! accept our grateful thanks;
  We ask thee nothing more.
You've stopped the wifie's blabbing tongue
  That naught could stop before.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE.

A tale of the Fairies.

The details of the following poem, though purely ideal, are founded on a well-known legend in the southern parts of Scotland. Thomas the Rhymer, or "Guid Thomas of Erchildoune," was a somewhat eccentric character, and in the minds of the superstituous ruralists among whom he resided, was considered a "seer," or one gifted with second sight. In the border land his fame was excelled only by Michael Scott, the great wizard of Scotland, whose prolonged but successful struggle with the evil one is still looked upon as the greatest marvel in ancient Scottish lore. * * * Sir Walter Scott says: "The popular tale bears that Thomas was carried off at an early age to Fairy Land. After seven years absence he was permitted to return. He was still bound, however, to return to his royal mistress at her pleasure." It was during his captivity that he saw these visions which are set down in the text. In the last of these it will be noted that I have directed the attention of those who honor me with a perusal of this poem, to Canada, the last and greatest subject of all. According to Sir Walter, while the rhymer was merry with his friends it was announced to him in great astonishment

that a Hart and Hind were parading the street of the village. The seer instantly arose and followed the animals to the forest and never returned. There he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is expected some day to again revisit this earth.

In summer time the evening air
Lay soft on Nature's bosom there,
Or dallied laden with perfume
To kiss the blossom on the broom;
The charm of Scotia's charming vales,
Fairer far than Ida's dales.
Where once the fond Ionian maid
Her tender passion first betrayed,
And scarce her feelings could command
To see the fruit in Paris' hand.

One lonely star in the distant West,
Where day still lingered, seemed to rest,
Shone dimly yet, and faintly bright—
Beautiful star of the soft twilight.
Calm and peaceful it did gleam,
Like a thing of rest in the sky did seem.

O seer, this is a solemn hour—
Go turn thy steps to yonder bower;
There a light shall flash a moment seen,
Then perish again as it had not been.

Shine on bright moon with silvery light,
The stars but mock thee in their flight;

It is the hour when the Fairy Queen,
Like a vision robed in a golden sheen,
Has come to earth in the bright moonlight,
While she sings of love to the Elphin Knight.
And merrily dance where the Eildon Stone,
Remains of times long past and gone;
At this wierd hour guid Thomas went down
To muse alone at Ercildoune.

Awhile he strayed, oft heedless, slow,
Where the wild rose blossoms and hazels grow;
That drink the spray from a waterfall
As it madly leaps o'er its rocky wall;
Like a stream of pearls on a silver spray,
To the dark, deep pool, then steals away;
'Tween mossy banks and hawthorns hoar,
Like the tide of time which returns no more.

Glide on clear waters as of old,
Like babbling tongues in confusion rolled.
O, Nature tell me of thy art,
That like a spell subdues the heart!
With reverence, wonder and amaze,
What'er mood thy power displays
Thou seemest God to me always.

But the stream rolls on in calm delight,
And the pale moon rose above the height;
Where the holy seer was sleeping soune
'Mid the the bonny green braes at Ercildoune.

When Thomas awoke with due bedight,
From a couch belaid with gowns white,
He looked afar o'er the uplan lea,
And there he saw a fair lady
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her gown was of the leaves so green,
And her quoif was of the golden sheen;
And the gems her gentle bosom wore
Were brighter than Golconda's store.
A glory encircled her queenly form,
As a heaven crowned bow that wreaths the
storm;
So modest she looked, so divine her mien—
A fairer ladye he had never seen.

"Now ye must go with me," she said—
True, Thomas, you must go with me;
And ye must serve me seven years
Through weal or woe, as chance may be."

She mounted on her milk white steed,
She took true Thomas up behind;
And aye when o'er her bridle rung
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

So they rode on, and further on,
And they waded streams above the knee;
And they neither saw the sun or moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was dark, dark night; there was no star
light,
As they wade through red blood to the
knee;
For a' the blood that's shed on earth
Runs through the springs in that countrie.

But onward they rode away, away,
Till they came to a land of endless day;
To her own bonny home where light ever
lies—
A beautiful land of bright, clear skies,
Where pleasures fall on the soul like balm,
And storms have died in eternal calm.
Their love enfolds her wings to rest
In that far off land, where all are blest.

Guid Thomas alighted. She raised her wand
And held it aloft in her beautiful hand,
When music arose to her command.

It seemed to come from the East and West,
From the crimson heath on the mountain's
breast;
O'er the earth it swept 'neath the dark, blue
sky,
In whispering winds it wandered by;
From the riven rock and the distant vale
Its mellow cadence rose and fell;
But no living thing the seer could see,
Yet he was charmed with the melody;

For the songs they sang had a sweet refrain,
And his heart rejoiced to hear the strain.
Once more she raised her milk white hand,
And from the flowers in that beautiful land
Came tripping jocund the Fairy Band.

The Fairy Queen had called her train,
As spirits of light they came amain;
On the soft wind's breath some rode along
To the measured strain of the poet's song;
And they danced to a piping melody,
In mellow tones of that countrie.

Their path they strewed with fragrant flowers,
But they did not bloom in Scotia's bowers.

Then they kissed the cheek of the holy seer,
And gathered dew from the sweet, sweet brier.
From lilies they sipped a nectar fine,
That seemed to glow like rosy wine;
And they quaffed with joy in Fairy Land—
The draught of life from each milk-white hand.
Then they pressed the seer and bore him away,
Far from earth and its mountains grey,
Till they reached a rock on a placid bay,
Where a vast and boundless ocean lay.

Then pointing afar to a distant shore,
Beyond the waves and their dismal roar.
Look yonder, they cried, o'er that ocean blue,
Where distance lends a deeper hue;
Behold, the mystery of futurity!
Tell us, O seer, what dost thou see?

Long, long, he looked, for his heart was fain.
I see my own loved land again,
I hear again the Mavis' song,
Where breckens wave and blossoms hang.
O carry me back; O lead me where
My heart can rest, nor weep nae mair.

—

"Turn back thine eyes to yonder cloud,
And I will show you curses three.
Shall make auld Scotland sigh her lain
And change to black her livery.

"She put her hand on the seer's head
And showed him a rock beside the sea
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed
And steel clad nobles wiped their ee.

"The next curse falls near Branxton's Hills,
By Flodden's high and rolling tide;
Shall raise a banner red with blood,
And chieftains throng with muckle pride.

"A Scottish king shall come full keen,
And Scotland's lion beareth he.
A feathered arrow, sharp, I ween,
Shall pierce his heart on Flodden's lea.

"When he is bloody and to bleed,
Thus to his men he still shall say,
For God's sake, men, return again,
And give yon southern folk a fray.
Why should I lose, the right is mine—
My doom is not to die this day."

Enough, enough of curse and bann,
Guid Thomas said, you've shown to me,
For by my faith this cruel dreed
Is surely more than I can dree.

A light now gleamed on every side—
The fairy queen arose and cried:
Look to the west, o'er yonder tide.
Behold the mystery of futurity.
Tell us, O seer, what dost thou see?

Away guid Thomas looked afar,
Where the lucid light of a glistening star,
In sparkling silver sheen,
Shone cold and clear in the distant west,
Like a jewel on a maiden's breast
In brightness it did seem.

Beneath its rays a great north land,
In Nature's arms, sublimely grand

In majesty was rolled,
Unsoiled its white historic page—
No mark of cruel tyrant's rage
Defiled its virgin fold.

There let me dwell the seer cried—
I see no fields with crimson dyed—
I hear no clang of steel;
I see no tears that woe imparts,
I hear no wail of breaking hearts
Beneath oppression's heel.

All still and vast these solemn woods,
Whose valleys bound the mighty floods
In limits close confined;
Still rolling on in boistrous glee,
Till spreading like an endless sea,
Whose shores might nations bind.

I would like to dwell 'neath those bright skies,
Infinite they seem; I would like to be
As one alone in those wild woods,
Awaiting immortality.

Remove the veil where spirits dwell,
Unfold thy purpose here alone;
Though mortal eyes are frail to see
Or mind to grasp the great unknown.

And the fairy queen again she said,
Go turn thine eyes where those phantoms glide.

There the mystery lies of what's to be;
Tell me, O seer! what dost thou see?

I see a land of deep unrest,
From ranks of progress in the west,
  I hear a distant hum,
Inscribed with love, "Good Will to Man;"
I see the banners of the van,
  In serried ranks that come.

Along the river's rolling tide,
On mighty lakes, where vessels ride,
  Awakes the happy song;
Still marching on their voices raise
To Love and Liberty and Praise,
  The varied note prolong.

On Pisgah's height I seem to stand
And cast my eyes on every hand,
  Till distance close the scene;
I hear a voice from yonder side,
A cry comes sweeping o'er the tide,
  That bounds the space between.

And thus it still salutes my ear;
Poor mortal thou, why standest here
  While time fast drifts away?
Go look among thy wretched kind,
And try some breaking heart to bind;
  Thou only hast to-day.

The hapless poor, whose lot is fear,
Their life a pain, their hope a tear,
  In pity hear them call.
Restore them to blest freedom's place,
Give to their hearts its strength and grace,
  For love must life us all.

If goodness is to crown this world,
And error headlong down be hurled,
  That happy days may come;
In mercy help thy brother man,
Let each his own heart strictly scan
  And cuel lips be dumb.

O, bitter grief and fruitless tears,
I fondly hope that coming years
  Shall mitigate distress;
That figs shall grow where briars stood,
And greater still shall grow all good,
  As evil still is growing less.

Utopian hope, if false my strain,
The Nazerene has died in vain
  And love is but a name;
A whim that sages cannot prove,
A freak on earth, a sham above—
  Ah! such a thought is shame.

All hail, I know it yet shall be
That holy hour when all are free
  To clasp his fellow's hand;
And lift him upward to the light,

Still showing weaker hearts the height,
Where brotherhood shall stand.

All hail! thou everlasting good,
Go smite all evil with thy rood,
Again to rise no more;
Go dry the tears on sorrow's cheek,
Go right the wrong, restore the week,
Let love alone endure.

All hail! dread Light, Eternal Thee,
Poor mortals on life's troubled sea,
Direct their course to steer;
And anchor human hope above,
That men will pray to what they love
And not to what they fear.

Yet this to me a vision seems,
A mystic pagent undefined;
A fairy fabric of wild dreams,
A restless groping of the mind.

Restore me to my own dear land,
The heather hills, the rock and stream;
And let me linger on its strand,
Where dashing waves and waters gleam.

But years have come and years have gone,
And many seasons past have flown;
Many a flower hast bloomed and died
And millions sunk beneath the tide;
But in that flowery, greenwood ween,
Guid Thomas again was nevermore seen.

THE MOHAWK CHIEF.

A tale of Indian torture in past Cana dian life.

On Huron's wave the sun had set,
Though frowning cape and headland jet,
  Still glowed like burnished gold.
Back from the shore strange shadows creep,
Like monsters from the slimy deep,
  Where Huron's waters rolled.

All's silent now, the maples swung
Their mighty arms o'er the Menegtung
  That sullen flowed between;
Where dun deer drank and roamed until
The startled call of the whip-poor-will
  Betrayed a foe unseen.

The grey wolf stealing from the bank,
Crept softly through the fire weeds rank,
  Where Indian huts had stood;
And lapped his fill at the river's brim,
Then shook his lanky sides and slim,
  Prepared to cross the flood.

But, hark! with yells and wild hallos,
The Hurons in their bark canoes
  Pull close down on the shore;
Along the line their pennons gay,
Waved proudly as they clove their way,
  With music and uproar.

One gallant craft beyond the rest,
Bore loftly a warlike crest,
  Raised high above its prow;
While minor trophys of the chase,
Backward flowed with easy grace,
  Extending from the bow.

An aged chief stood full in view,
And led the the van of all the crew
  That rowed across the flood;
A crown of eagles' claws he wore,
With black his form was painted o'er—
  His hands and face with blood.

Beside him stood one proud as he,
Fearless, brave, as brave could be,
  And royal chaplets wore.
He was a captive warrior strong,
Whose limbs were bound by withe and thong
  His bleeding flesh had tore.

Proudly scowling, stern and bold,
With heart of brave, but savage mold,
  A fierce defiant air
Marked every feature of his face,
Which gave him dignity and grace—
  His eye a fearless glare.

His glance of fire, trained to command,
As chief of all the Mohawk band,
  Imperial power he swayed;

His belt, that round with scalps was hung,
Betrayed an arm that seldom swung
An ill-directed blade.

Of such exalted rank was he
That Huron's chief, with warriors three
Securely formed a guard;
With shout and jest they led the way,
Yet watchful still, though seeming gay,
The captive did regard.

The torture and the sacrifice,
The fiercest Huron did devise
Revenge to satisfy;
But he would not resign to grief,
For he was born a Mohawk chief,
And as a chief could die.

By the Menegtung, where Goderich stands
In form unique, a view commands
A rare romantic scene,
Of river, lake and woodland gay,
In gentle slopes around the bay,
With dainty homes between.

On that plateau the Hurons drew
A circle round the Manitou,
And built the sacred fire;
With wild war whoops and gestures strange
Yelled savage threats of fierce revenge
And retribution dire.

Bring forth the Mohawk, we are sick,
Our lips are dry, we cannot speak;
  Our teeth with hunger keen,
The Mohawk's blood our hearts will fill,
And Mohawk flesh will make us well,
  For we much sick have been.

Then nearer still the Hurons creep
And in his form their knives sank deep,
  While calm the Mohawk stood;
His proud defiance swelled their rage,
And tauntingly he drew the gage
  Down with exultant mood.

Ho, ho! the Huron warriors cry,
Food we must eat or we will die;
  Mohawk will kill our pain.
While bleeding flesh the skewer rives
From gaping wounds and reeking knives,
  His blood fell down like rain.

Cut deeper yet, the Mohawk said—
Your arms are weak, your knives afraid,
  Their edge too smooth and fine.
I dare the coward Hurons' power,
Like dogs, go to the swamp and cower—
  Grunt like the white man's swine.

Pile on your fire, dance with delight,
I'm not a squaw to fear your might—
  A Mohawk knows not fear.

Cut deep my flesh and tear apart
The soul and sinews of my heart—
  My eye hath not a tear.

Then rose the war whoops, wild and shrill,
Till echoes answered from the hill,
  And sweeping o'er the stream,
To where the Huron warriors stood,
Whose savage eyes gleamed red as blood,
  While squaws in consort scream.

—

  Now the medicine men
  Tore his breast, and then
Like vampires sucked the flood
  From the haughty form;
  For a Huron's charm
Is a drink of Mohawk blood.

  But the fire is hot
  As a molten pot,
Where his shoeless feet must tread;
  Yet he gaily smiled
  So bland and mild,
While a flaming path they spread.

  They untied the thong
  So good and strong
The warrior limbs had bound;
  They lead him forth
  With jeers and mirth,
Leashed like a fierce blood hound.

As they placed his feet
On the glowing heat,
No sign of pain gave he;
For like a stoic,
With a heart heroic,
He raised his voice in glee.

Ho! these rocks are cool
And soft as wool,
Your knives are made of sand;
Like crawling frogs
And whining dogs,
Ye are cowardly wolves of the Huron band.

Such carrion flies
A Mohawk defies—
Your fires to his limbs are sweet;
I feel no pain
And he laughed again,
While the burning flesh fell from his feet.

In dismal brakes
You hide like snakes,
Or rats in the Menegtung;
You quake with fear
If a sound you hear—
A Huron's heart like a squaw's is strung.

Like water breaking on the shore,
In murmurs where it raged before,
The Mohawk gently rose;

And grasping in his bleeding hand,
He waved on high, a flaming brand,
  And dashed it on his foes.

Unyielding still, when torture failed,
His lion heart that never quailed,
  Back o'er sweet memories flew;
To glory now, the song of death,
At the mercy seat with dying breath,
  He sang to the Manitou.

DEATH SONG OF THE MOHAWK.

The faintness of death falls on me,
The Huron's are drunk with Mohawk blood;
My warriors are far away from me,
They sleep in the Mohawk valley.

A breeze of spices from the sunny south,
Sweet odors from Virginian groves
Hath soothed them to forgetfulness;
My war cry wakes them not, it seems,
Like the murmuring of Huron's waves
On the wild Canadian shore.
My lodge is desolate, my hearth is cold,
My people drink the cup of wailing.
The gates of the hunting grounds are open—
I will call Mah-oh-rah, Mah-oh-rah,
My child, my child, come from the stars;
I love thee, soon we shall meet again.

If this is death let me enter softly,
For all seems quiet within these gates.
O, thou illimitable land of rest;
O, everlasting peace, hide me forever.

Farewell to thy mother, Mah-oh-rah,
Lily of the Mohawk vale she sits alone,
Weeping in the wigwam, silent but for her sighs.
She will arouse my warriors no more,
Nor sing again the song of victory.
A spell seems creeping over me,
Calm as when a warrior dies;
And flies on steeds of fire to other lands—
There if he sleeps, 'tis but to dream of victory.

O, God, whom the white men worship,
Help me in my extremity;
Spirit of the happy hunting grounds,
Tell me where is thy blessed home,
For I am faint and long for rest;
Farewell to the vale of the Mohawk—
Farewell, my kindred, my home and people;
Fare————well, fare————well.

—

Roll on broad lake along thy shore,
The Hurons cometh never more
To light the sacred fire;
The paths wherein their feet once trod,
The white man has unto his God
Raised fretted dome and spire.

No wild hallos, for all are gone—
No ruined towers, nor sacred stone
  Mark where the wigwams stood;
Their hopes, ambitions, conquest planned—
Their rivers, woods, their native land,
  The fire of Indian blood.

All these the white man crushed or kept,
While aged chiefs have mourned and wept,
  Who once had graced a throne;
With power imperial to command,
A sceptre bore with royal hand,
  In majesty alone.

Empires have been of ancient line,
Whose splendor far surpassing thine
  Still linger in decay;
Vast ruins stand still mocking time,
In monumental grace sublime,
  But yours has passed away.

Through hardships, want and savage rule,
Taught in a stern, ignoble school,
  Through life's allotted span;
That brutal strength is not the force,
But goodness is the only source,
  To elevate and make a man.

Canadians then, be thine the grace,
To guard and keep this fallen race,
  Protect them by thy might;
Be generous whilst thou dost command,
For blessings wait the gracious hand—
  The merciful are always right.

TO MY WIFE.

Lift up thy lovely eyes, dear wife,
Lead on my soul by thy pure life,
To greater heights divine;
Come, let me look on thy sweet face,
Serene, confiding, full of grace,
And beauty only thine.

Thou are my joy, my only one,
Inspiring, while my course I run
With sympathetic power.
Still welling in thy gentle breast,
Where peace and fond endearment rest,
To bless me every hour.

Thy lips I oft have kissed so fondly,
Thy loving eyes that heat so kindly
The blood that warms my breast;
Still on me like a spell shall last,
Till Nature fails and life is passed
To everlasting rest.

Love's cup overflows at thy command,
Still reaching out thy tender hand
To help the weary on;
And meekly bending o'er the weak,
Affection's kiss print on their cheek,
For love will save alone.

No scene so fair, no theme too high,
No light so bright on earth or sky,

But fairer seems to be;
No song so sweet, no note that thrills,
But love still fuller, deeper fills,
If thou art near to me.

MAPLE JOHNNY.

Tune—"Billy O'Rook is the boy, Sir."

Young Maple Johnny is the lad—
He's the game cock of the north, sir;
He toes the scratch and struts around,
And crows for all he's worth, sir.
Britannia says from all her kids
Her Johnny takes the plum, sir;
And then he flaps his wings and crows
A—cock—a—lear—a—lum, sir;
For he walks right through, his heart is true,
Och, Johnny is the boy, sir!

Although he's but a stripling yet,
By Jove, he's powerful strong, sir.
When daddy pats him on the back
He's a cyclone right along, sir;
Like prongs, his youthful bristles rise,
And fear he neer had ony;
He shows 'em how to step along—
Right up-to-date is Johnny,
For he walks right through, his heart is true,
Och, Johnny is the boy, sir!

Of course, he ain't a fighting coon,
But fills in mighty handy,
To help old John right through a scrap—
He's a regular Jim dandy;
And when he dons his sojer cloes,
By Jingo, boys, he's bonny;
He's just the stuff, then see you keep
Your weather eye on Johnny;
For he walks right through, his heart is true,
Och, Johnny is the boy, sir!

FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

Tune—"The Highlandman's Toast."

Dear is the land of the wood, lake and river,
The rock and the range, the mountain and plain,
And give me the vales that seem rolling forever
To the sunset of gold on the great, boundless main,
Where the cataracts foam and the cascades are dancing
Away to the ledge on the storm beaten shore,
Thou star of the north, from the sky brightly glancing—
There freedom in triumph shall dwell ever more.

Chorus—

Flag of our country, in glory we found it;
Light of the nations, let it wave to the sky;
With hearts like the lion, Canadians around it,
As Britons of old, we'll defend it or die.

Revered are the fields where our fathers assembled,
In triumph to stand or unconquered to fall;
While they shouted defiance, pale tyranny trembled,
And the drum beat of victory rose at their call.
In memory dear let their fame ever flourish
That dared to advance and our rights to maintain.
Canadians forever, their names proudly cherish,
And our heroes shall lead us to glory again.

Chorus—

Flag of our country, in glory we found it;
Light of the nations, let it wave to the sky;
With hearts like the lion, Canadians around it,
Like Britons of old, will defend it or die.

Come from the land of the heath and the heather,
From the green vales of Erin, sweet isle of the sea,
With the rose in its beauty, all blending together,
Stand shoulder to shoulder, Canadians with thee.
In the ranks of the mighty, still marching onward
To the great brotherhood, with freedom for all;
By the light of the ages we shall raise up the standard
And march on in triumph till error shall fall.

Chorus—
Flag of our country, in glory we found it;
Light of the nations, let it wave to the sky;
With hearts like the lion, Canadians around it,
Like Britons of old, will defend it or die.

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE.

To my friend, the ingenious Mr. Joseph McIntyre, the Motherwell correspondent, I inscribe this poem.

Let poets dream of flowers,
Of young love's golden hours,
Of gallant knights and ladies fair,
    Away in days of yore.
Though idle it may seem
And humble be the theme,
Be mine to sing the glories
    Of the old country store.

The assortments kept were ample,
Of everything a sample
Ever made, or dug or grown,
    On earth, or sea or shore.
From a needle to an anchor,
For beggar, priest or banker,
You got just what you wanted
    In the old country store.

In the snug post office corner,
Like historic wee Jack Horner,
Sat the genius of the counter—
    His years about three score.
He had weighed and measured forty year,
A pencil stuck behind his ear
To keep tab on the business
    In that old country store.

On nail keg, bale, and egg box,
On big inverted empty crocks,
There sat the sage philosophers,
All gushing full of lore.
With something to communicate,
To settle things in church and state,
And fill the world with wonder
From that old country store.

Of politics and preaching,
Of colleges and teaching,
They tore the mask of humbug
In philosophic lore.
They exposed existing evils
And Socialist upheavals,
Announcing thoughts immortal
In that old country store.

We craned our necks to hear them,
And we tusseled to get near them,
And we sneaked around convenient
To a knot hole in the floor.
Then the plug was passed among us,
When we missed a shot it stung us—
That knot hole was so handy
In that old country store.

But to hear things in their glory,
Then someone told the story
Of the patient agriculturist
That all earth's burdens bore.
His troubles with the "hollow horn,"

With rascal agents night and morn,
Till the very rats were weeping
In the old country store.

When a pretty farmer's daughter
Came in with eggs and butter,
We all sat a-gaping round
At the dainty things she wore.
When her goods were in her basket,
The reason do you ask it
Why a young and gallant farmer lad
Went right home from the store.

And he helped her right along,
He was so kind and strong;
What if he kissed her, yum yum—
Still asking for one more.
Till, by gosh, the basket got upset,
And spilled the parcels in the wet;
Now what will mother say to me
And your fooling at the store?

The same old building stands,
Though passed to other hands,
So has the queer old fellows
That gathered there of yore.
But you hear the same old jokes
From the nail kegs, tubs and crocks,
Now told by younger worthies
In that old country store.

But it cuts me into sections
And stirs up old affections
As memory restores again
    The scenes that come no more,
When we sat around the counters
And gave each other pointers
In the long winter evenings
    At the old country store.

EPITAPH ON A CRANK IN ST. MARYS.

Poor ———— head lies here below,
  That near before was level;
If any more you want to know,
  Then ask his chum, the Devil.

ON THE SAME.

Some men are born to high estate
  And some are born to rule;
Some are born to sport with fate,
  But he was born a fool.

ADAM AND EVE.

Scene—Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, are standing on the plain in the distance, looking back to Eden.

Time—In the evening.

EVE.—Adam! Adam! Alas! what shall we do,
Am cold and weary and the chilly night's
Empurpling darkness creeps along the sky;
No home nor shelter have we in this place,
Across the waste, shrill pipes the desert wind
That numbs my unprotected limbs with cold;
Oh, Adam! this is more than I can bear.

ADAM.—It is for us indeed a cheerless hour,
That falling like a frost upon our lives
Has nipped enjoyment, new in the leaf.

EVE.—Yet we still have life and hope and
love,
And the angels promise that time shall bring
To us again a part of what is lost,
Though not as bright as in the days gone by,
As yonder orb shines on the distant hills,
In glory more subdued than Eden's light—
Such now is ours, but it is glory still.

ADAM.—'Tis impious not to bear with resignation
The consequence of all our acts;
Let us seek refuge in that power—

Boundless as eternity is vast,
His angels will support us in distress,
And minister unto our weary hearts,
Though Paradise shall be our home no more.

EVE.—Alas! that earth should be a place of tears,
I cannot bear to think on't, all is sadness,
And in this scene of desolation round us
We stand uncomforted, helpless, homeless,
As poor waifs driven from a parents' home—
For scornful disobedience suffer.
O, Adam! I have fallen, fallen, fallen!
My frailty has so numbed thy stronger will
Till thy resolves, grown weak as withered reeds,
Have failed, and thou are fallen with me.
O, let me weep, my eyes are full of tears,
The first that fallen women ever shed,
But now to flow for ever, ever more;
O, gentle spirits, help me in calamity,
Had I known the base serpent's cunning art,
Then I had spurned him as a heartless beast;
Now all is lost; innocence comes but once;
O, cursed knowledge bought at such a price.

ADAM.—Eve! Eve! Eve!

EVE.—What woudst thou with me, Adam?
On thy calm bosom rest me for awhile,
And I may know once more the peace of Eden
If peace can come again to the poor heart
Of one so stained with guilt as even me.

ADAM.—That we should'st lay aside our vain
regrets,
And rather choose to harmonize our lives
With what we are and what we hope to be.

EVE.—I have been to blame and it is the
thought
That burns my soul with ceaseless agony,
For this I know, that never, never more
Shall Eden's gates be ope to me or thee.
Or those futurity shall bring—to trouble
As heirs to sorrow and bitter curse
That I have brought upon ourselves and all,
That ever shall be yet of woman born.

ADAM.—What is lost is lost and cannot be
restored,
The flower that bloomed but yesterday is gone,
The sweet perfumes that filled the vales are
gone,
The songs that charmed in Eden all are gone;
Yet time shall pass away with silent step,
And pregnant still with change to things of
earth,
For all that's made of clay shall change again
And be resolved to other elements;
But the soul that moves and still controls
That is immortal, so the spirit said;
We shall evolve from ourselves a power
Which still shall grow in ages yet to be,
For in that vast unknown future
Higher forms shall live and still enjoy

The sweet converse we have left, for all
Shall be transformed and changed, that all
Shall find a paradise within himself,
And every human heart shall be a place
Where angels abide in everlasting peace.

EVE.—I am not lost, but hopeful, and I know
That thou will shield me with protecting arms
And still support me, while thy tender breast
Shall be my shelter in hours of sorrow,
And though thou speakest from a noble heart
It brings not back the peace of days gone by;
And ill supplies the balm to wounded hearts.
It cannot pick the fragments of past joys
And wake them into happy life again.
It cannot bring back Eden, it cannot bring
Our listless sauntering by the Euphrates,
When eventide fell calmly on the silvery wave,
Within whose depths the stars of Heaven shone
Like the strange lustre of an inverted world.
It cannot bring the chiming of soft melodies
That seemed to float within these sacred bowers,
Where the meek eyed fawn in wanton joy
Run sportive on the flowery bank alone,
Or lay beneath the shade of passing cloud.

ADAM.—This brooding o'er things past intensifies

Our misery; far better we forgo
All recollections of what we've been
And in the future seek for happiness.

EVE.—I am bone of thy bone, flesh of thy flesh,
Where'er thou goest I will go with thee.

ADAM.—We will not repine, there may be yet
Still in store for us pleasure we know not of.

EVE.—The consciousness of love and hope
And all the sympathies that are and shall
Yet grow up between us will be themselves
A growing bond to bind our hearts with ties
Indissoluble, till death steps in
And cold and heartless severs all.

ADAM.—Speak not of Death, that has not been here—
And what it may be we can know nothing.

EVE.—Aye, but we shall know, so the spirits says
That we and all created things shall perish.

ADAM.—Then earth shall but to earth return again,
But the soul that strives and works within us
That is immortal, which death can never kill.

EVE.—O glorious immortality, unspeakable
joy,
That when we lay this weary burden down
And mix these forms with clay from which
they sprung,
When all things have faded from our eyes
And we are laid alone in cold forgetfulness,
Unknowing and unknown there to rot,
That this essence of our life, the living soul,
Shall still live on in fairer lands than Eden.

ADAM.—And as we live, we'll still love on
Though Eden's gates be shut, I still have
thee,
The last, the best of all great Heaven's gifts,
I, who was made too low for Angels,
Yet too high for companionship of beasts,
Surveyed all beauty with a heart still lonely,
The heart of man is like an empty throne
Without some fair and lovely form to fill it.
It seems but yester' morn when I awoke,
With eager eye too feeble to reflect
Thy matchless form upon my beating heart,
Thou stood the fairest of Eden's flowers,
In all thy native loveliness enrobed.
Saved for thy locks which seemed to float
Down to thy zone in radiant brightness,
Or waving hung from thy imperial brow,
Like the glory of the opening morn,
As Hesperus rising from the deep,
Moves upward through the glistening stars.
So I beheld thee in seraphic beauty,

A dearer self that gave me higher life—
The highest limit of creative power.

EVE.—O, if thou'lt love me, the curse I will endure,
Though grinding pains and torturing pangs
Ring my poor frame like points of steel,
Still in the intervals of my distress
Will picture to myself the new life
That shall be born to thee and me.
Oh, joy unspeakable, when its lips
Shall grasp my teeming breast and I feel
Its hot mouth drawing life from life, and in
The dark, round, glassy eye I see
The form of thee, as thou are of the Spirit.

ADAM.—Without thee Paradise was like this plain,
With thee the earth is fairer far than Eden.

EVE.—Then I will be to thee a comfort and a joy.
I will support thee in thy darkest sorrow,
And when the withering, cold, bleak winds
Of adversity's dark hour shall come,
My arm shall raise thy aching head again,
And I will watch thee till thy pain has past.

ADAM.—O lovely woman, dearest gift of all,
Had thou not sinned I had not known thee;
I bless thy frailty and the tempter's art
That sent us forth from Eden's happy vales.

In thy pure love is Paradise restored,
I will rejoice in thy matchless beauty;
As it is now so may it ever be—
The glorious privilege of fallen man,
To love the woman as being of himself,
But one link nearer love's source in heaven.

EVE.—As timid fawns seek their dams for safety,
Or fledglings creep beneath the tender wing,
So thou will love me and still protect me,
While I, with pure affection, will sustain thee.
As we march on together to the shore,
Where hand in hand we will put out to sea,
Gliding away to that unknown land,
Where all is mystery—there to rest,
And side by side, sleep on forevermore.

ADAM.—Then farewell Eden, and thy flowers,
All is not lost; the sun still shines above us,
And the earth is teeming with true happiness.
On every side, on hill and dale and valley,
The song of praise goes up to Heaven
And the groves pour out their notes in harmony;
The flowers and blossoms breathe through the air
In odorous sweetness, and on the banks
The moon beams play as fair as Eden.

All these are given for our pleasure,
And if the gates of Paradise be shut
And angels guard the embattled walls
With flaming swords on every side,
That we can never enter more, the earth
Is ours and all that it contains shall be
For our contentment in years to come.

EVE.—Give me thy hand; farewell Eden!

ADAM.—Let us go. This is our destiny.
Eden, farewell!

PS 8469 043C3 Johnston, William
Canadian melodies

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